HULNE ABBEY.

VOL. III.

HULNE ABBEY,

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MRS. FREDERICK LAYTON,

FORMERLY MISS JEMIMA PLUMPTRE.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION
TO
THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Minerva's sense in thee we find
With Juno's lovely form;
Venus herself in thee's outshone,
In every grace and charm.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM FEARMAN,
LIBRARY, 170, NEW BOND STREET.

1820.

HULNE ABBEY.

CHAPTER I.

And thou, Oh hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?

SIR ROBERT DE GREY went round by York to shew his daughter the fine specimen of Gothic architecture, in the Minster. The choir is beautifully adorned with fine carved work, and the windows of the whole building are profusely ornamented with painted glass; the carved decorations at the west end are in the first style of architectural workmanship. Many monuments erected to record the virtues of the dead,

and the grief of the living, are in a finished style of magnificence. York Minster will always be visited by every traveller of taste, who has it in his power to ingraft it in his tour. The castle is a fine building; and the ruins of the old fortress possess some beauty; as do the walks upon the banks of the Ouse. The old gate-ways, still standing, possess some remains of former grandeur in the means of defence: else the town of York does not possess much beauty. The streets are narrow, and the houses of small size, the best mansions are in the suburbs.

It appears quite a blank to a picturesque traveller to arrive at Harrogate: the hotels are situated upon a bleak common, very thinly planted with trees: the atmosphere is hazy, and the view from the back of the Granby somewhat resembling the fens in Cambridgeshire. The youthful mind of Jemima felt damped with this contrariety

of scenery to the delightful views left behind at Matlock; and she emphatically exclaimed, 'Oh, what a falling off is here!' No rock, no foliage, no mountains, no rocky-bedded river: and the sun is here enveloped in mist. *Oh! terre de brouillard*, I shall feel here as Buonaparte does at St. Helena."

"Outward objects we have not in this immediate vicinity," said Sir Robert, "to charm: but we shall, doubtless, in the interior of the house find characters to amuse, and instruct, either as examples or warnings: all places have not the same recommendations. Yorkshire, taken as a whole, is a fine county: it has rocks, and woods, and rocky-bedded rivers, and mountains to adorn various parts; the wild mountain called Blackstone Edge, though to many it gives the horrors, is a fine object of admiration to me. You shall see scenes you will admire, my love, ere we quit Harrogate.

It was soon buzzed through the house that two coronet carriages, and a third with a bloody hand were arrived; and the misses had the heartfelt gratification of hearing from their Abigails that the two peers were young single men. Many a face got an extra rub of best carmine, and the laces and ribbons were heaped on with an unsparing hand, in hopes of attracting attention, which object certainly was gained, for both gentlemen *saw*, though they did not *admire*, rouge, and profusion of ornament.

The lady who had been the longest resident in the house, and of course was queen of the drawing-room, politely made up to the party when they entered, and expressed her satisfaction at having the honour of seeing them. Sir Robert received her civility with pleasure, and introduced his daughter to her. This lady was a perfect contrast to the Matlock Tabbies—she was single, and past *les plus beaux jours* of her

age; but *her* life had been passed unlike theirs, in the exercise of domestic virtues. Her mother lived to an advanced period of life, happy in the attentions of her children: an afflicted sister, who died in early life, had her burden eased by this kind-hearted Christian: as a friend she has immortalized the virtues and talents of one cut down in the blossom of her days: as a benevolent Christian she took into her house a friendless orphan, who had excited her attention and compassion, by seeing her steep a crust of bread in the kennel; upon finding this was her only food, and that she was houseless and friendless, she clothed the naked, fed the hungry, and took the stranger in: the mind of this destitute outcast was cultivated, and she now rides in her coach and six, as a Russian princess. Another victim she has saved from the hands of a ruffian.

Once when upon a journey, while passing through a turnpike, she saw a ferocious

looking man who was inquiring of the keeper of the gate, if he had seen a little girl pass that way, whom he described; and added, if he could catch her he would tie her to a tree, and almost murder her. This threat his brutal appearance seemed to render him capable of executing, and created in the humane breast of Mrs. Huntley a powerful interest: she watched carefully upon the road for the child, and whilst ascending a hill, saw the object of her anxiety: she stopped the carriage, and asked the child if she would like to ride; an offer that was gladly accepted on the part of the little pedestrian. Mrs. Huntley now inquired for her history, and found her parents resided at Coventry: the man in pursuit of her was her uncle, who had been some time visiting them, and left them to return to Bristol. He persuaded the child, who was about eight years of age, to walk a little way with him, and enticed her on and on, till

at last they reached Bristol. He was soon going to America, where he intended to take the child, and it was supposed would have there sold her.

The child was determined to return to her parents, and eluding the vigilance of her brutish uncle, set out upon a walk of more than a hundred miles, without one half-penny in her pocket. Providence sent a benevolent Christian to her aid, and a few miles' walk was all the fatigue she had undergone. Mrs. Huntley took the child to her house, who was much fatigued, and was put to bed upon her arrival, where she slept sound till late the next day. Upon the following morning she was consigned to the care of a stage coachman, with an injunction for him to consign her safe to her parents. Her fare was paid, and a basket of provisions was given to her for her journey. Mrs. Huntley had soon the gratification of hearing from the parents,

who were overflowing with gratitude to her, for her kindness to the child. They had been inconsolable; from not being able to imagine how the child was lost to them, they had been unable to seek her. Sir Robert de Grey knowing these traits in Mrs. Huntley's character, gladly accepted of her civilities, and said upon introducing his daughter to her, "My dear, I told you we might find examples in this house; here is one whose steps I wish you to tread in." Mrs. Huntley was gratified with a compliment from such a man, and the party sat down together, and entered into rational conversation. The scandal and tittle-tattle of the house was not detailed to them: this was no defamatory Quixotte.

The President seeing Mrs. Huntley so well received, felt quite elated, for he doated upon rank and fortune, and now hoped it was his good genius had guided him to Harrogate to establish himself with

a large acquaintance in high life. He was a man rather genteel in his appearance and manners; but his exterior did not betoken sense, for he was dressed à la dandy. His stays were of the Cumberland cut, and the morning dress was a white coat, with a large cape, white trowsers, and a white hat: in his evening costume, his shirt collar nearly reached his eyes, and his cravat was made of the widest muslin to be bought: his hair took half an hour to adjust properly, and the skirts of his coat nearly terminated in a point: his shoes were made of black morocco, as tight to the feet as a girl's: his watch ribbons he changed weekly: his hands were set off with rings, and a diamond broach clasped his shirt. At dinner there was always a squabble between him and the head waiter, about his *punch à la Regent.* He gave peremptory orders, it should be composed of rum, various liqueurs, and green tea; but he was posi-

tive he was put off sometimes with the tea being only souchong, and one day he was quite *enragé*, and in his wrath, uttered the dandy oath, "Odds bobbins, odds bobbins, I am convinced, Frank, this is only congou; nay, I am not certain it is not blackstrap."

With a snuff-box of silver gilt in his hand, he strutted up majestically to Lord de Courcy, and said, "if his lordship had no objection to Louis dix-huit, he should be welcome to the use of his box." Lord de Courcy, with a stiffened bow, declined the offer. "Perhaps," says Mr. Woodcock, your lordship uses the prince's mixture; Lord de Courcy gave a negative bow. "Does Fribourg mix your Lordship's snuff?" said the persevering Mr. Woodcock: "I am sure a man of your rank would not use Irish blackguard." "I never take snuff," Lord de Courcy coldly replied, and turning upon his heel,

took his seat by Miss de Grey. Mr. Woodcock felt abashed, and determined he would wait till he was animated with *punch à la Regent*, ere he renewed his attack upon Rank. It was always his rule to endeavour to be the jackal of the party of first distinction, and he was not a man to be easily repulsed.

His father had been determined to make a somebody of this his only son and heir, for he had been the aborigine of the family himself, having been brought up to the humble occupation of a pounder of drugs; but, luckily for him, as he was one day feeling the pulse of a wealthy old maid, the sister of a baronet, this Doctor Lenitive, somehow squeezed the hand of the tender maiden in so captivating a manner, her ice was thawed; and the tender glance she gave him, and the soft sigh she breathed, whispered to the heart of this fortunate son of Esculapius, that here he

might feather his nest. He was not fool enough to stand in his own light, and the lady was soon decked out in bridal apparel, as Mrs. Woodcock; and he became inhabitant of one of the best houses in a country town; made over his pestle and mortar and gallipots, to his apprentice, and became a man of fortune. His adored bride brought him no heirs, and did not keep him long out of his jointure; but he considered it a debt he owed to posterity, to be the founder of a family; not to have it said that Mr. Woodcock was the first and last of his race. Therefore, when the first paroxysm of his grief had subsided, he looked out for a young maiden worthy of being the link to his posterity, and he was soon after married. Two daughters, and this exquisite son, were the fruits of the union: and they, poor girls! have been sacrificed to make a great man of the son: the major part of the fortune

is left to him, and they have only a pittance, which he has not the heart to increase, and make them matches for men of fortune; therefore, they will probably hang upon his hands, and they will all grow old maids together.

When they get from home there is such a bounce of the grandeur of their house and grounds, with details of the breakfast-room, and the library, and the great eating-room, and the best drawing-room, and the offices, and the hot-house, and the ground: and the gardener is such a great gentleman, he will not bear speaking to, he will do what he pleases: because our delightful neighbour, the Duke of Mowbray, never gives a direction to his gardener, ours will not bear being directed: and the housekeeper is such a high lady, we dare not say our soul is our own, in our own house. That she learns from our dear friend, Lady George Gransden's housekeeper; dear Lady

George is such a mild, sweet, easy temper she never interferes, so we must be kept like a toad under a harrow, in our own houses." "More fools you!" some say aside upon these occasions.

To prevent the fallacy of these statements being ascertained, and being of habits sordid to every thing but their own gratification, they are very shy of admitting people to their house; preferring visiting others to having company at home. But should admission be gained by accident to this fairy palace, it seems to have undergone a transformation by some malignant genius. The breakfast-room is diminished to a light closet, or at best a *boudoir*. The library, which lively imaginations may have magnified into rivalling his Majesty's, or Earl Spencer's, or the Earl of Hardwicke's, is a very small room, with a very very small collection of books, and these not valuable. The hot-house, so far from vying with these

of the nobility, or *nouveau riche* addicted to *gourmandise*, is quite a farce, it possesses neither vines, pines, or plants, and in size would make a comfortable, rather luxuriant *petit maison*, and the grounds which a picturesque fancy might suppose to rival the extensive plantations, varied foliage, meandering rocky-bedded river, interspersed with waterfalls, large deer-park, beautiful collection of wild cattle, superb ornamental buildings, such as a fine exploratory tower, or high observatory, built upon a huge crag, or fine old ruins, the land diversified with mountains and valleys, and, lastly, crowned with a fine view of a magnificent castle, (like the spectacle at Alnwick). When lo! and behold, the baseless fabric of a vision is tumbled to atoms, and the astonished gazer sees nought but a flat dirty cow-pasture, with a few shrubs planted around.—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

This is the authentic description of Wood-

cock Lodge, and here live the trio when at home, in the French style of shabby genteel, or perhaps shabby without the genteel is the appropriate phrase. But Mr. Woodcock has lived enough in the gay world to pass muster when his health will permit; for being an only son and designed for a great man, he has been much coddled, and is always full of ailments; and when the prey of blue devils, he can attend to none but himself.

Such was Mr. Woodcock, and such as he was he had a burning desire to get ingrafted into the party of Sir Robert de Grey to get to visit at Hulne Abbey, and Prudhoe Castle, and Dryburgh Abbey, and have so many titles to tattle about. What joy and rapture would that be to him; and what an eclat it would give him amongst his neighbours, when he returned home! He hardly aspired to the idea of carrying off the Northern Star—he was not addicted to

falling in love; like Narcissus of old, he had too *much* fondness for himself to have much affection to spare for others; and he made up to Sir Robert de Grey at tea, with little more than the hope of getting an invitation to visit at Hulne Abbey. He was not a man to reject with so much frigidity as Mr. Curran, and Sir Robert de Grey received him with distant affability. Sir Robert was a man of some hauteur of character, and kept those he was not partial to at a sufficient distance. Mr. Woodcock was not exceptionable, and the party were all condescendingly civil to him. He would have liked a ride in a coronet carriage, and he talked of all to be seen in the neighbourhood; and that they must not omit seeing Plumpton and Knaresborough, and they must go to Studley and Hackfall, and an excursion to York was often taken from Harrogate, and York Minster was highly worth seeing—it was called the king of the

north. He had been to all these places, and reckoned himself an excellent cicerone. But the trap was not fallen into. Then he talked of Harewood—that was esteemed the finest house in the county for elegance and superior embellishments. There was, moreover, the remains of a very fine old castle, built soon after the conquest; and in the church are some ancient monuments, none more striking and astonishing to the beholder than that of Chief Justice Gascoigne, who was the identical man who had the spirit to commit the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V. to prison, for striking him on the Bench.

"Kirkstall Abbey is only eighteen miles off;—for you, who have four horses to your carriages, that is nothing; only a morning ride, and you are back to dinner. Kirkstall Abbey is a very celebrated ruin; and the shaking rocks every body goes to see." However, that trap did not go on.—Sir

Robert did not want an addition to his party, and Mr. Woodcock talked on in vain. But his talking created a great heart-burning to the gay widow Gould. She was on the look-out for a second husband, and she took a fancy to Mr. Woodcock. He was not to be objected to on the score of person, though not an Adonis. He was well-disposed towards the widow's fortune; but there was an insurmountable objection to her becoming Mrs. Woodcock. Her first husband was the rich General Gould—he was in person short and fat, much resembling Sancho Panca; and he was turned sixty when he conferred upon Miss Buchanan the honour of becoming his wife. She was forty years younger: of her we may say, "'tis *gold* she loves, but not with *U*," for she was not the fondest of wives; but there was the *douceur* of two thousand per annum jointure. This darling husband and wife were sitting tête-à-tête one day after

dinner, "sweetly alone, all the world to each!" and the general, *comme à l'ordinaire*, took his *siesta*. He slept, and slept, and was mighty quiet and composed; but as he always gave himself up to the arms of Somnus after dinner, his loving wife took no alarm. When tea-time arrived, she thought it time to rouze him—so she called—no answer.—"How sound the dear creature sleeps!" she said,—then she shook him—still the General was motionless, and speechless. So she rung the bell, and asked the footman what could be the matter with the General?—He pronounced him dead—then she said he must be buried. So the undertaker was sent for, and the fair widow resigned herself to all the grief of a broken-hearted inconsolable widow. All due preparations were made—the coffin came home; but then the nurse would not suffer him to be put in it: she declared no change had taken place, and she did not believe he

was dead; and thought he might be recovered, and insisted upon a physician seeing him. A physician came—he tried bleeding, and immersion in the warm bath; but whatever effects such means might have had at first, certain it was they were now too late. Mrs. Gould remained a widow, and the General was consigned to the earth. She was the most inconsolable of widows; old husbands were so delightful, so far preferable to young ones: and it was impossible to love another after such a dear soul; but as she left off her weeds, the gloom of her mind subsided; and she relaxed from broken-hearted and inconsolable, to nervous and low-spirited; and when mourning was laid aside and colours resumed, she changed again from grave to gay: and Mrs. Gould became a very lively buxom widow.

But the mode of Mrs. Gould becoming a widow, formed an insuperable bar to her becoming Mrs. Woodcock: the gentleman

being fanciful about his health, and accustomed to have the whole house in confusion, and nothing be thought of but him, if only his finger aked—could not think of a wife whom apoplexy did not rouse to alarm. So he resolved from the first to put a negative on that business; and in vain did the widow spread her snares: his heart was icy cold. She used sometimes to get him into her parlour of a morning, and sing to him with much pathos.

"Yes, Henry, yes, with thee I'll go,
Where'er thy footsteps point the way;

and when she sung—

"Supported by thy tender arm,
Fatigue and toil were light to me,"

She looked so languishing and tender—then she would sing, *Robin Adair*, and *Steal Soft Glances*—but neither singing nor saying, could avail ought with Mr. Woodcock—that tranquil resignation of her husband to the grave, could never be got over with

him: had she sent for all the physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries in the place, and tried every warm bath, her two thousand a-year would have possessed great attractions; but if he lost his life through her carelessness, how was he the better for her money? "No," thought he, "she will only do for a ruined man to whom it is neck or nothing."

But in spite of this being the genuine state of the case, Mrs. Gould could not behold Mr. Woodcock in conversation with Sir Robert de Grey, without jealousy; and she determined on the first opportunity to pull Jemima de Grey to pieces to him; accordingly on the first occasion that offered, she said she was surprised he could think of speaking to Miss de Grey, she was so haughty, and every body knew she never would marry; or, at least, nobody but a duke would have any chance with her; therefore, it was nonsense, and only ex-

posing himself to insult to go and talk to her. Mr. Woodcock said there was no fear of insult from Miss de Grey; she was one of the most affable, pleasing women in the world: he thought all the party people of superior mind and manners; and, in his opinion, Miss de Grey and Miss Neville were the only two sensible, conversible women in the house. Mrs. Gould said, "The ladies were much obliged to him for such a compliment: for her part, she did not like learned ladies; she had no *envie* to get into that set: Lord de Courcy, indeed, was a handsome man; she could not but say, if he made her an offer she might, perhaps, accept him: Prudhoe Castle was said to be a fine place, and she saw nothing objectionable in him." "Madam," said Mr. Woodcock, not much pleased with her conversation, "I think you are more likely to offer to Lord de Courcy, than he to you." This was too true to be endured; and Mrs.

Gould having enticed Mr. Woodcock into her parlour to a *tête-à-tête*, was so enraged at the outrage, she boxed his ears. This was Queen Bess and the Earl of Essex; so, to mend the matter, Mr. Woodcock made a low bow, and said, "I wish your Majesty good morning; I shall announce to the company you are playing the part of Queen Elizabeth. I am happy you have not the power to cause me to be beheaded, nor shall I run the hazard of losing my life, by becoming your husband: I should reckon my days limited to a short span if I was your husband: you shall not catch me at a *tête-à-tête* again; I vote you to Coventry."

The widow stood boiling with rage; and out brushed Mr. Woodcock, and related the scene to all the gossips in the house: so the widow found it expedient to order her carriage, and decamp.

But nothing daunted with hearing of this *grossiereté*, on the part of Mr. Woodcock;

Miss Sally Spalding came armed *cap-a-pee*, and determined to enter the lists; she thought his fortune sufficient to make him an object to her; and as to his sisters, she viewed them with contempt: she had driven her own handsome sisters out of her father's house, and she did not doubt her abilities to expel her husband's.

That was a shameful and melancholy history. Sally had two sisters and two brothers. Mary was extremely handsome; Esther very pretty, and they were good-humoured and pleasing: Sally was plain, and of a temper mild as the raging sea; but she contrived to govern both father and mother, who often give way from indolence to the worst children. Sally contrived to make home insupportable to her sisters, and it was a martyrdom they underwent there. Dr. Spalding thought it would be a good thing for the peace of the house, to get Sally married; so he proposed to his friend

Mr. Long a match between Sally and his nephew, Colonel Chauncey. Mr. Long inquired into the lady's fortune; the answer was unsatisfactory, and the negotiation was negatived. Sally raved, and tormented her sisters worse than ever; till at last they were so miserable, a relation offered to take them, if they would quit their father's house. They did so, and the father in his rage renounced them as his children. The two brothers happened to marry to please themselves, the father disinherited them: so Sally became now sole mistress of the house, and a good fortune. Mr. Long now thought she might be a match worthy of his nephew, and inquired into the fortune of the heiress; the answer was satisfactory, and the terms adjusted: and the happy Colonel Chauncey informed of the bliss that awaited him, in being blessed, with the fair hand of Sally Spalding. But the insensible Colonel, instead of being overwhelmed with the rap-

tures of an enamoured bridegroom, bowed low to his uncle, and said he was engaged to the rich widow Portman.

What a knock-down blow to Sally! to have overcome all these hydras to be worthy of the Colonel, and then to be rejected; he might break off with Mrs. Portman. She to have toiled to fill her father's house with wretchedness, made her sisters miserable, and embarrassed her brothers in their first outset in life, to make herself mistress of Ridlington; and then to be rejected. Oh, wretched Sally! money is not all in this world: it may be bought too dear: can it minister to a mind diseased? or heal a wounded conscience? Eight years was Sally confined to the sick bed of her parents; both had paralytic attacks of so violent a nature, as to render them cripples. Knowing of what materials Sally was made, the loss of fortune if she relaxed in her attentions to them, was a sword kept always

hanging over her head; and Sally dare not quit their bed-sides, till both were in their graves, and the mother held out eight years.

Sally was now in possession of her ill-gotten wealth; but it did not seem to bring peace of mind with it: she was restless and malignant, and seemed to have no pleasure comparable to making others miserable. She set forward to Harrogate to see whom she could torment, and if she could aggrandize herself. Mr. Woodcock she thought would do; his house was far inferior to Ridlington, and his landed property nothing compared to the Colonel's; but he was lost, and regret fruitless. So Sally took all opportunities of telling Mr. Woodcock how large her fortune was, and all in her own power; and what a pity it was she had nobody to leave it to: and then her brothers had property—might come to her children; but she made no impression:

and when she found the widow Gould was getting him into her parlour, she thought it time to take some decisive measure, and she told Mr. Woodcock at the ball, she wished to speak to him upon particular business; and if he would fix a time she would be in her parlour to receive him. So Mr. Woodcock waited upon the expectant damsel, and she opened the commission with saying, "she was sorry to hear he was going to throw himself away upon the widow Gould. She thought single women were far preferable as wives; and Mrs. Gould's jointure was only for life: and if he could assure her he was not engaged, she could come forward with an offer from a single woman of large fortune and good family, and every way an unexceptionable match." Mr. Woodcock trembled still more at this match than at Mrs. Gould—such a Xantippe! he could not have a moment's peace with her; and sordid as he was of his own property,

he would not pay any price for money; so *sans cérémonie*, he said to Miss Spalding, "that if that was all she had to say to him, he had nothing to say to her, but to wish her a good morning.—I'm not reduced to creeping under an old hedge yet; and like Joseph flying from the wife of Potiphar, he hastily left the room, glad to escape with his head upon his shoulders."

The rejected fair one sat petrified—it now seemed a certainty the temple of Hymen was closed on her for ever.

"No saffron robe for me, the godhead wears,
His torch inverted and his face in tears,"

Sighed out Sally, as the tears rolled down her cheeks, at this unexpected disappointment. "All men are the same, I shall never get married." She inherited from her parents a scrophulous tendency, and also she had a claim from both to paralysis; and the copious use of Spilsbury's drops,

are thought not to have mended her constitution. Her frame was unequal to the struggle with this complication of disorders; scrophula, paralysis, Spilsbury's drops, and cruelty of the male sex. A mortal disease had evidently seized upon this victim, after the abrupt rejection of Mr. Woodcock. She returned home immediately, but soon sunk under the blow. The cold bath was ordered her, so she bathed in a tub in her garden, which was overlooked by a methodist chapel; and her neighbours were apprehensive of a second edition of Susanna and the Elders; but nothing came of that: if it was meant as a trap it did not go off. Miss Spalding died in a short time, leaving no one to lament her. The disappointment of Mr. Woodcock was thought to affect her more than Colonel Chauncey. Indeed it is a common observation, that after a certain time of life, ladies take a disappoint-

ment in love very much to heart; and more die of love at fifty, and upwards, than at an earlier period of life.

The female world are apt to imagine nothing but love can kill a single woman when she dies turned of fifty—if she dies of a cancer, that was brought on by a disappointment in love; and let the complaint be what it will, the female coroners are sure to bring it in, love. Perhaps, now, Joanna Southcott may give rise to a new complaint for single women to die of; and all who depart this life turned of fifty, may die of pregnancy. Instead of becoming foundress of a new religion, she will become foundress of a new complaint for ancient virgins to die of.

Mr. Woodcock had a great *envie* to begin the ball with Miss de Grey, or Miss Neville. Sir Robert was amused with his eager assiduity to gain admittance to their party, and would have suffered Jemima to

dance with him, but Lord de Courcy protested against it: he thought him too forward to be encouraged, and did not like Dr. Ollapod's heir giving himself such airs of consequence. Isabella consented to become his partner, and it was a high gratification to him to dance with Miss Neville, and stand next to Miss de Grey and Lord de Courcy. He wanted to have introduced a partner to Lord Cardross, and proposed Miss Westmeath; but Lord Cardross said, she was too much like a Flanders mare—he and Sir Robert were rather sarcastic upon the dancers, for certainly many were clumsy, and bad performers, and they called it a heat of Flanders mares.

Mr. Woodcock was full of panegyric to his partner, he thought hers the most elegant dress in the room; and Miss de Grey must be the greatest beauty, and best dancer, wherever she went; but Miss Neville was quite as accomplished: Sir Robert de

Grey was a most respectable, charming, elderly gentleman; and Lords de Courcy, and Cardross, the most accomplished noblemen of the age. He understood all were unexceptionable as landlords, and neighbours, and were all adored in the neighbourhood, and had the most superb houses and finest grounds in the kingdom. He had some thoughts of going into that part of the kingdom, on purpose to see such fine places, and he might learn some hints in managing, and planting his own grounds; they were not destitute of beauty; "I don't pretend to rival Hulne Abbey, Prudhoe Castle, or Dryburgh Abbey, but I assure you, I don't reckon my place despicable." Here, thought Isabella, *amour propre* must take its turn. "I have a hot-house, and I spend much time in my grounds: to be sure, some part of the day is devoted to my library. I have a most excelrent collection of books, and I daly

value them." Isabella said to herself, "Alack a-day, how we apples swim!" and Mr. Woodcock eulogized his own property and consequence in the neighbourhood for some time longer. Then he wished they would extend their excursions south, as far as his home; it would give him the greatest pleasure to see them; and he had plenty of room for the whole party. Mr. Woodcock would have been as likely to put himself to inconvenience and expense, to accommodate a party of the rank and fortune of this, as any one; but to find room in his mansion, would have been impossible. Had he had the option of their company, it would have occasioned a fine contest between pride and avarice; but the impossibility of finding room for so many must have negatived the business, Mr. Woodcock always claimed the traveller's privilege, when he got at a distance from home. He had a little eulogium upon

his stock of plate, and a few hints of the great style he lived in when he was in college; and he was acquainted with some noblemen: there, and sometimes danced with an heiress, and was an encourager of the polite arts; and much looked up to by the trades-people.

"I will tell you a pleasant anecdote of an adventure I met with one vacation, returning home; I was on horseback, and went to sleep at the George, at Stamford; when I got in, I was shewn to a miserable room in the yard, and mutton fats in brass candlesticks brought in: I asked if I could not have a better room." "No," they said, "the house was quite full, there was not another empty." Then, I said, "I must bear my miseries like a philosopher: send in Boots, I will disencumber myself of my boots." In about ten minutes after Boots had left the room, with my dirty boots; in comes the landlord, and landlady, and

head waiter, with a pair of silver candlesticks, and wax candles: they were so sorry my lord had been put into such a shabby room; but a party was just gone, and another room was getting ready for me as fast as possible: what would my lord like for supper? I was at a loss to guess why I was my lord; but I was pleased with the mistake, and as my lord ordered a handsome supper, and got a good drawing-room, and bed-room, ruminating on the adventure, I recollected the name of Lord John Barham was written in my boots: I went a few months before to my bootmaker in London, and these were standing on the counter, and pleased me; I said, I would take them. Hoby said, 'they were Lord John Barham's, and his name was written in them:' so I paid down the money, and said, Now, they are Mr. Woodcocks, and I marched off in them: I will send my servant for

my boots. And this dubbed me my lord, and a famous supper I got: to be sure, it cost me a guinea more in the bill, but I can afford to be my lord sometimes; and I enjoyed myself so much, I never grudged the money: and next morning when I mounted my horse, I had a cavalcade of landlord, and landlady, and waiters, to wish my lord a pleasant journey, and hope to see him again."

It is well, thought Isabella, to be on good terms with oneself, and be sure of one person's good word; but Mr. Woodcock's praises of himself were not so ludicrous as Mrs. Frost's; and not having the gall of the Fabbies was a merit. Mr. Woodcock never was a prey to gall, unless a lady he disliked wanted to aspire to the honour of being Mrs. Woodcock, then he was rather acrimonious, and unceremonious.

Lord de Courcy took Isabella for the two

next dances, and inquired how she had been pleased with her partner? "I was glutted with sweets," said she; "I can say as that crab, Mr. Bearchurch, said. Mr. Woodcock is honey and oil, and every thing sweet and smooth: we are all the most charming creatures in the world; he is a little bit of perfection; but he does not lay on his perfections thick and threefold, like Mrs. Frost: he is not the great Woodcock; but we may call him the *oil* of Harrogate. It is a great merit in my eyes that he has no wormwood in his composition; had he been better brought up; I think there is good seed, but he wants weeding; more liberality of ideas, and less puff of himself, I should respect him more." "Now really, Miss Neville," said Lord de Courcy, "it would be charity for you to take him; you would mould and model him, and make him respectable: open his heart, make him make his sisters proper matches for respect-

able men; and bring his ideas down to a man of moderate fortune, not fancy all his geese are swans." "There is great cry and little wool, with his grandeur," said Isabella; "he has not the heart to be a grandee."

Poor Mr. Woodcock was now doing penance with the Flander's mare, Miss Westmeath: he was looking at Isabella, and shrugging his shoulders, and seemed so elated with his familiarity with her.

What a happy excursion had this proved for Lord Cardross; he was now become tranquil and composed in his mind: he did not look up to Jemima de Grey with a hope, but he enjoyed her society, and the animation of the whole party, and delightful scenes they were visiting, produced a more cheerful train of ideas. He was evidently turning his attention to Isabella, who, on her part, was become a renovated being: she was no longer the prey of unavailing regret:

she had done for Mortimer de Montalt all that mortal could do: she sacrificed her attachment, she relinquished her fortune: such a mind must have internal satisfaction: the weakness of human nature was subdued, and a good conscience she found its own reward. She was certainly pleased with Lord Cardross; his character all must respect; his conduct, with regard to Miss de Grey, shewed the weakness of human nature in its first influence; and the fortitude it can assume in cooler moments. It is only the weak and the profligate who say, love is unconquerable. Reason and religion are given us to conquer our passions, not to render us their prey.

Sir Robert de Grey was much pleased with perceiving this growing interest springing up in the hearts of Lord Cardross and Miss Neville; two such amiable characters must be more happy united in the participation of kind-hearted offices to each other,

and all around them, than living absorbed in a hopeless, unavailing sorrow in single wretchedness, for the rest of their days: he did not fear their turning, like old maids, to gall; but he thought the union of amiable characters stimulated and improved their virtues. The sight of the Tabbies at Matlock had much confirmed in his opinion, Dr. Johnson's aphorism, that an ill-assorted match is better than cheerless celibacy. What happiness did they enjoy in their Quixottish expedition of lies and defamation? Of them it may be said, "Destruction and unhappiness is in their ways, and the way of peace have they not known:" was peace and goodwill towards others their characteristic? No; they seemed the disciples of her who was denominated the Queen of Hell, who said on one occasion, "I am mortified, and I'll mortify you:" but such characters have their wickedness fall on their own pate; they make themselves more mi-

serable with their restless search after the vices and failings of others, and the lies they tell to blacken them, than they make their victims. Of such it is truly said, did they take half the pains to make others happy they do to make them miserable, all parties would lead a comfortable life. Was Isabella Neville in her unhappiest moments to be compared to them? Oh, no! she had sacrificed herself to make others happy; and a conscious rectitude of conduct supported her throughout. The weakness of human nature sometimes gave way to sorrow: but the fortitude of a good conscience soon resumed its sway. One was an example of human nature in its exalted state; the others, of human nature debased into a venemous reptile, spitting poison wheresoever it goes.

The company was motley and miscellaneous at Harrogate: many Scotch and Irish were there, who formed a strong contrast

to each other. The Irish cheerful and social, the Scotch stiff and cold, and shy to strangers.

Mr. Mac Gregor, a highland laird, was much afflicted with the scrophula, and came accompanied by his wife and daughter, to drink the cleansing stream of Harrogate. This was their first excursion out of Scotland; and, to use a Johnsonian phrase, being so old before they were caught, they had all their nationality strong about them: tall and erect in their persons, they looked as if an iron rod, had by some accident slipped down their throats, and could never be extracted. They were in perpetual fear of not being considered as of sufficient consequence, and were always talking of their great connexions and old family.

Mrs. Van Spanker was the Jack-a-roast-beef, and formed a strong contrast to the barley-broth figures of the Scotch: she was English, and, wonderful to relate, the daugh-

ter of beauty; who left a most unfortunate offspring, most of them distinguished by strange defects and deformities. Mrs. Van Spanker lived a spotless maiden, unmolested by lovers till near her fiftieth year; a widower then came to Bath, where the mother resided with five maiden daughters, who was on the look-out for a wife: he requested a lady to help him in his search, for his heart was in a state of neutrality, uninfluenced by any one: youth he interdicted, for he had adopted a nephew for his heir. Miss Wenman was pronounced a suitable wife for Mr. Van Spanker, and in no danger of filling the house with children. The marriage was had, and consummated; and the blooming bride began to find herself 'as women wish to be, who love their lords.' She eat and drank, and grew fat; and, dear innocent soul! mistook that for breeding qualms. Her offspring must come into the world in due state, and could not be ushered

into the world more appropriately than in Bath, under the inspection of grandmamma. Mr. and Mrs. Van Spanker fixed themselves in Bath for the great event; a most superb set of baby-linen was bought; Dr. ———, the famous accoucheur engaged; and a nurse had into the house; for now madam was grown so unwieldy she could not walk without her nurse, with a camp-stool in her hand accompanying, that her bulky frame might rest when she thought proper. The end of her reckoning was accomplished, no heir appeared; time went on, and the papa expectant was anxious to get into Shropshire upon business; but he was unwilling to leave his lady in her *uncertainty*. But as *his* business grew pressing, and she seemed quite at her leisure about *hers*, he went down to consult Doctor ——— on the probable extent of this delay: the accoucheur said with great gravity, these were very uncertain cases: Mrs. Van

Spanker had gone on some time beyond her reckoning: *he* could not say when she was *likely* to be brought-to-bed. Mr. Van Spanker then began lamenting the expected heir; and said it gave him more pain than pleasure, he thought it so hard on his nephew; he meant to guard against such a disappointment, and thought Miss Wenman's age secured her against the chance of a family. "Well," said Doctor ——, "if that is your way of thinking, I will honestly own, I think I am as likely to be brought-to-bed as Mrs. Van Spanker!" The two gentlemen set up a loud laugh. "You have made me quite happy," said Mr. Van Spanker; "I will go into Shropshire directly, and madam may amuse herself here till she is tired; when she has had her frolic out she may follow me." Mrs. Van Spanker whilomed away about two months more in daily expectation; but as young master came not, she thought it most

prudent to follow her lord into Shropshire. The widow looks now as if she might bring twins into the world, or rather as if she is with-child all over, for she is an armful of joy.

Her sister Rose Wenman is a Lilliputian, Mrs. Van Spanker the Brobdinag: Rose is dreadfully ugly, miserably deformed, about four feet high, and this compound of ugliness and deformity, instead of atoning for a disgusting person, by pleasing manners, sets like a toad spitting poison on all sides: she pretends to be a wit, and one evening supping in company with the officers of the Cornish cavalry, something was said after supper about a fraternizing embrace: "I should not like a fraternizing embrace," said Rose; "I had rather have a Cornish hug." The officers jogged each other's elbow; "Why do not you take the hint?" said one to the other; but not a hug could that little ugly toad obtain. She is so

troublesome in her visits at some houses, the footman is threatened with being sent into the parlour to entertain her, if she is admitted more than once a year; she commonly falls to the footman's lot in company: at a great rout, where the passage was crowded, he had to carry her in his arms through the crowd to her chair.

The widow, Van Spanker, was smoked to be come upon a matrimonial expedition to Harrogate; as she brought this bundle of deformity with her. "I always know," said Mr. Crofton, "when a widow is on the look-out: the handsome, set off their persons with dress; the plain, and clumsy, get a companion ten times uglier: the lively are girlish, and the grave, sentimental and interesting." It was thought Mrs. Van had a mind to make up to Sir Robert de Grey, but he was inflexible to the least attempts at acquaintance.

General and Mrs. Miller, were still at

Harrogate when Sir Robert de Grey and his party arrived; but they did not suit his taste, as companions for his daughter. The first meeting of general Miller and Emily Frostenden was singular: the lady was visiting at a friend's house at Cromer; she dreamt, as many a young lady will do, she was going to be married: she saw the gentleman in her dream, and he was a stranger to her; but when she awoke, his image was present to her mind, she told her dream, and said, she should know the gentleman when she saw him. She went out after dinner to take a solitary walk: she had a stile to climb over; just as she was in the act of crossing the stile, this husband of her dream appeared in sight: the surprise almost made her fall over the stile: the gentleman flew to her assistance, but the sight of her future husband, and the escape from falling so agitated her, she could hardly stand: the

general gallantry offered his arm, and home they walked to Doctor Close's house: she must introduce him there to receive the thanks of her friend; Doctor Close repaid his civility with inviting him to tea; during tea, the rain began to descend in torrents: the general was a prisoner, it was impossible for mortal to stir: he saw a piano forte in the room, he was enthusiastically fond of music, and Emily Frostenden excelled both as a vocal and instrumental performer: down she sat to her instrument, and both hands and voice were employed to fascinate the future husband; the general was in raptures, the rain poured on, and Dr. Close was so pleased with his guest, he pressed his staying to supper: all parties were pleased—the general received a future invitation to the house which he was not backward in taking advantage of: the lady was pretty, and she soon led the warrior captive in her

chains: he was not long in declaring his love, and the match was too good to be hesitated about: Hymen soon united them in his bands; but this lady had some alloy to her accomplishments: she got out now into the gay world, and thought not of her vows to her husband; a son of Mars carried her off to Paris; but the contented cornuto again received her to his house, and a pledge of love borne to her gallant. This might be called a *stylish* courtship, and modern manners; but Sir Robert would not consent that Mrs. Miller should be the associate of his daughter; he wholly rejected that acquaintance.

Mr. Woodcock had such an *envie* to get admitted into the party of Sir Robert de Grey, he determined to do his possible to play the agreeable; and he came to Miss Neville, fraught with the news of a new arrival; of a finished coquet, now on the brink of eternity, still playing off coquettish

airs: "Have you seen the newly-arrived Mr. and Mrs. Poole?" was his salutation to Isabella. Miss Neville replied, "She had not:" "The folly of fifteen, linked to seventy-five," Mr. Woodcock, said, "Is now in this house. Maria Secker had a *je ne sçai quoi* about her, that caught with some men; she made husbands fools, and wives unhappy. Mr. Poole she vows and swears was her first love; but he was not rich enough for her husband. Dr. Jeffrey, a grave dignitary in the church, who had been quite an idolizer of his wife, she contrived to make play the fool with her: it is a sort of miracle her character was not blasted: the gentleman was never easy out of her company, and his wife was not only neglected, but cruelly treated: she who had appeared all vanity, affectation, and folly, in the days when she was the idol of her husband, now shone forth in the furnace of adversity; and gained credit

from all, for her patience and forbearance: she appeared calm, and dignified in company, and outwardly appeared attached to Miss Secker; but her sincerity was much questioned: it was not in nature for a wife to feel friendship for the seducer of her husband, or for one who had been idolized to feel insensible to cruelty. Maria led captive another husband, Mr. Garrett, a grave lawyer, married, and his wife's mother living with them. Mr. Garrett now could not live out of the smiles of Maria Secker—he would get up in the night to write billets-doux to her. His wife could not take this estrangement with the fortitude of Mrs. Jeffrey. Mrs. Garrett made frequent remonstrances to her husband, and at last a compromise was settled between them. Mr. Garrett gave up the flirtation with Maria Secker, upon condition Mrs. Garrett gave up having her mother live with her. Maria had now a

bachelor become her captive, and they were engaged to be married; but the gentleman repented his engagement, and refused to fulfil it; but Maria would not release him till he had paid her five hundred pounds smart-money. The late Lord Chancellor, South, had once a mind to her; even his rough unbending mind she tried to conquer —often, and often has she disputed with him, but never could she make his spirit yield; nor would he dare to make her his wife.

The Earl of St. Lawrence, who used to be mistaken for his own coachman, was also an admirer, and hesitated if he should marry her. Once she exclaimed, (speaking of his admiration), "Oh! had I been Countess of St. Lawrence, I should have been the vainest woman breathing." "I readily believe you, madam," the gentleman replied. Time wore away, and no husband appeared for Maria. She began

to look serious, when Mr. Hooman, an Irish gentleman, by some blunder made her his wife, and Maria was crossed over to Dublin; but no memoirs of her captivating Irish husbands, or bachelors, ever crossed over to Parkgate, or Holyhead. Now she was a wife she inveighed against second marriages—it was adultery of the mind, alienation of the heart, and defilement of the body. Mrs. Hooman became a widow, and she crossed the water to live at Bath. She had some hopes the rich widower, Mr. Highfield, would have made her his fifth wife: for now her note was changed respecting second marriages—she thought the torch of Hymen should burn for ever. She contrived to inveigle Mr. Poole to Bath, who was still a bachelor, and of the youthful age of sixty. At last it was settled they should marry. She now said to a relation, "I have no patience with you, you are so blind; you will not see

what is going forward." "Yes, I do *see*," said Mr. Hastings, "but I do not forget what I have heard, of adultery of the mind, alienation of the heart, and defilement of the body." "Oh!" said the afflicted widow, "I was a fool when I said that—you knew Johnny Poole was my first love; he has vindicated all his conduct to me; he is come out of the furnace pure gold; and soon the widow Hooman was made the happiest of wives, with the first beloved of her heart. Yearly was the anniversary of her wedding with her dear Johnny, kept with great solemnity and joy. There was great care taken to avert any ill omen in the arrangement of the company: no widow was to be admitted; no person in mourning, and the number never was to be thirteen; and the happy wife would often and often in the course of the day seize her husband's hand in ecstasy, and kiss it with rapture, exclaiming, "My dear Johnny!" This refined happi-

ness lasted for above twenty years. Johnny is now thought declining, and is come to Harrogate for his health; and I am sure Miss Neville, you will be much amused with the absurd girlish airs of Maria."

Mr. Woodcock telling so long a story to Miss Neville, was not relished by Miss Westmeath, and some Misses, who thought Mr. Woodcock a very nice man. "Look at the inaccessible Mr. Woodcock," Miss Westmeath said, "how long he stands talking to Miss Neville; it is a fine thing to be in the party of grandees; every body is worth talking to then. I do not see any thing to recommend Miss Neville, and yet it seems thought Lord Cardross will marry her. I think there are others here Lord Cardross might make a better choice from," said Miss Westmeath, with a toss of her head.

Miss Neville sat in patient endurance of Mr. Woodcock, unconscious she was excit-

ing the envy and malice of others. Mr. Woodcock now ventured to make up to Lord Cardross, and requested to have in his eloquent language, the description of Hulne Abbey. That place always gave an animation to the mind of Lord Cardross; it was the abode, and would be the inheritance of his heart's best beloved; what a charm—what a tint—what a glow was thrown over each object to his sight!

Mr. Woodcock thought he would give a specimen of the philosophical turn of his mind, and related as a good joke, not as seeming to praise his own superior knowledge, a history of his amusing himself with making paper balloons, and sending them up from his seat in Nottinghamshire; and thinking if they came down undamaged, I might as well have them returned, and be saved the trouble of making fresh ones; I put upon one I sent up, whoever brings this *untorn*, to

Woodcock Lodge, shall receive half-a-crown reward. In the evening, I was told a countryman wanted to speak to me; so, I went out, and a Bumpkin stood with the balloon in his hand; he made a nod of his head, and scrape of his foot, on seeing me, and said, "Sir, I have brought your *untorn* safe home:" I burst out a laughing at the fellow's blunder, fancying untorn was the name of this outlandish thing, he held in his hand: not that the balloon was only to merit reward, if returned untorn.

"Charming man!" exclaimed Miss Westmeath, what a superior mind he has: I wish he would not so much undervalue himself, as only to go amongst that set who do not duly appreciate him: Miss de Grey is much too high for any thing but Peers to speak to: Miss Neville affects to be more affable, but I am sure in her heart she is not so; she does not care

about Mr. Woodcock; he will never get either of those ladies to marry him: he had better confine himself where he is duly valued.

CHAPTER II.

Ah! who can tell the pangs of those who truly love,
Their tender sorrow, ceaseless sighs,
And transports, that immortalize.

SIR ROBERT DE GREY thought it was time to be returning to Hulne Abbey, and he proposed to the party to set out on their journey homewards, and rendezvous at Hulne Abbey, before they separated to return to their respective homes.

The separation of a pleasant party is always painful; but all sublunary joys must have an end: by none was the idea of the separation more keenly felt, than by Lord Cardross: the thought on the extreme happiness he had felt since the happy rencontre, in the romantic ravine, near Rokeby: from a melancholy, isolated,

being, he was engrafted into a happy society, and the most beloved to him; and when he turned his thoughts to quitting them, and returning to a home, where no one lived to welcome him, his mind sickened: "Shall I sink again," said he, "into that state of wretchedness, I have been now roused from; and my life be passed in melancholy singleness: no one to care for me—no one to converse with—none to come after me I care for—what is there in life to interest me? Let me turn from so melancholy a picture, and see if life presents nothing more cheering to me: I have rank and fortune—I have received a good education: can I not make some amiable woman happy? and can she not make me so, though she is not the most beloved of all women to me? A heart that has felt the pangs of disappointed love, must not hope to be the only beloved of a heart: if I can induce one who has felt

similar pangs, to be satisfied with my wounded heart, I must be contented to stand second with her: we each know the other's heart: we shall console instead of aggravating the feelings of each other; I shall enlarge Miss Neville's power to do good: her generous spirit shall not be restrained by me: we shall, in a reciprocity of good offices to each other, recover our peace of mind: and, I trust, make a respectable, if not a happy, couple. Isabella shall know my mind before we part; the thoughts of my melancholy home is now become insupportable to me."

Isabella had her feelings of regret at the thoughts of the separation, the tour had restored her to cheerfulness of mind: she enjoyed the society they were in; and a return to her home seemed to sink her spirits, with the idea of little to interest her. Mr. Neville was not a Sir Robert de Grey, but a hunting, shooting, squire—whose

dogs and gun formed his ultimatum of happiness; he had no taste for refined society—Isabella at home was an isolated being: she lived there occupied with their own attainments, but had no kindred mind to hold converse with. Lord Cardross had a highly cultivated mind, with social feelings: she shrunk from the idea of the uncongeniality of her father's mind, and thought, with pleasure, how much superior a companion, Lord Cardross was.

With such feelings did Lord Cardross and Isabella enter the carriage of the former, to leave Harrogate: Isabella could not repress the starting tear at the thoughts of her happiness being so near an end. "Does Miss Neville leave any one she regrets at Harrogate," said Lord Cardross, "that the tribute of a tear is given to embalm them?" "No," said Isabella; "all I value goes with me; but the time of separation is approaching, and the parting of so

select and happy a party must be painful: at my home, I may say, I have no companion. "That is my hard lot," said Lord Cardross; "when I turn to my home, I am like Adam in Paradise before Eve was created: every thing is fair to look upon; I have no want, but of a congenial mind to pour out my soul to; and in wanting that I want every thing. You know my heart, Miss Neville; you know how fondly it has loved another; but that I now look upon her as lost to me; her society must be always charming to me: but you I highly value; your heart has felt an equal pang to mine; we can each make allowance for the other, not having the fervour of a first love; but I trust we have it in our power to make each other happy. Can Miss Neville think of trusting to a husband for happiness?"

"I am certain," Miss Neville replied, "there is no happiness without one. All wives are not happy; but I am convinced

no maids are so; the three Matlock Tabbies have sickened me of the idea of celibacy: I would not be such restless malignant beings for the universe; and to look round at the sisterhood, what half mad, whole mad, beings are they: you find me, my lord, in the right mind to renounce celibacy: with your amiable character I do not fear trusting the future happiness of my life."

"The single state," said Lord Cardross, "I am convinced is not happy. Marriage was the institution of our Creator; if man will corrupt the intention, and make money his sole object in forming the connexion, he has what joys money can afford: but let us look round on society, to behold the insufficiency of wealth to purchase happiness: are the most wealthy the most happy? far from it. A late melancholy event has shewn that immense wealth will not purchase peace of mind: suicide is most frequent amongst those who are, or have been, the favourites

of fortune: 'let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' Social life is the scene in which man should garner up his heart. Highly as Nature has favoured the country in which I live, it has presented a dreary void to me; *for I was alone.* The far-famed ruins of Melrose Abbey, transcendent as is their beauty, bring melancholy reflections with them: with that place is associated the recollections of solitary wanderings; of high-wrought feelings, worked almost to madness. With a companion who has taste to enjoy such scenes, my mind will feel soothed and calmed: domestic joys will eradicate fiercer passions. I have been like the raging sea in a storm; I trust now to resemble the calm unruffled lake. Recur to the day in which you saw me near adjoining to Rokeby and Mortham: contrast me then to what I am now; you, Miss Neville, may claim some share in the transformation. Remembrance sickens at

the thoughts of relapsing into what I was again; with your approbation, our nuptials shall be hastened: I will not quit Hulne Abbey, or Kyloe, till we are united. Dryburgh Abbey shall no more receive me as a solitary wanderer."

Great was the rejoicing of the rest of the party when they found the intention of Lord Cardross and Miss Neville to unite their destiny. It was settled Mr. Neville should be invited to Hulne Abbey, and the marriage celebrated there, provided he would acquiesce in the plan, of which there was little doubt, as the neighbourhood abounded in game.

Lord de Courcy said, I cannot imagine Lord Cardross, how you came to steel your heart against these three graces, the Matlock Tabbies; allow me to say you have shewn want of discrimination in your choice of a wife. With the amiable Mrs. Silke all the neighbouring bulls would have been kept in awe; for I am convinced in the

next boxing-match she has with a bull she will come off victorious, without any aid: then she would manure all the ground in the neighbourhood, and keep such a look-out after parish bastards; she will be an excellent auxiliary to the overseers of the parish, and get first intelligence of all on the stocks, and catch the fathers in the very act. Or the divine, Mrs. Frost, with all her great relations, to eat you out of house and home: her castles in the air, and her lord knows who; and her awful dread of those stinking animals called men. Or, lastly, Mrs. Lydia Crabtree with her prudence and good management, to set your fortune flying with keeping such a table as may vie with the Prince Regent's. I should like to establish old Bearchurch with a seraglio of those three Graces; he would not be glutted with sweets with them: but unluckily an old woman is the most abominable of all things to him: he would expect Miss Can-

ning to have him, if he could think of a wife.

"Those three women shock me," said Lord Cardross, "they are too bad to quiz. Sal Silke has now attained the age of man, and should look on her days as few to remain on earth; yet she is not purged from the dross of this world; she is fond of dress as a girl; as fond of public places as a young beauty; cards she plays most evenings in the week; instead of kindness and good-will to fellow-labourers through this vale of tears, she is foul-mouthed and abusive in the extreme. It is her business and delight to blacken characters—all that can be said of her is, she avoids crimes that would bring her to the gallows; but where are her virtues?

"Molly Frost is equally reprehensible with her folly and vanity, puffing herself and relations as superior beings, and blackening others. She will not bear weighing in the

balance, and her age should warn her to prepare to meet her God.

Mrs. Lydia only praises herself; she is the only perfect character in the world; yet where are her virtues! Where is her charity to cover a multitude of sins! and her years should warn her to pray to be spared a little before she goes hence, and is no more seen. Instead of being the kind friend and guide of youth, she is enraged they should be younger and more admired than herself—she only endeavours to thwart and torment them, and render their entrance into life grievous and tormenting. Had these Tabbies been males they would have deflowered women for the pleasure of boasting of their want of virtue.

"Now we are moralizing on the character of the Tabbies," said Lord de Courcy, "I will read to you a paper in the Spectator, on the subject of calumny.

'He that will rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandalized, and not defends,
Sports with their fame, and speaks what e'er
he can,
And only to be thought a witty man;
Tells tales, and brings his friend in disesteem;
That man's a knave; be sure beware of him.'

'Were all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceeds from those calumnies and reproaches, which we spread abroad concerning one another.

'There is scarce a man living who is not in some degree guilty of this offence; though at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking ill of the persons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its rise either from an ill-will to mankind; a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed; an ostentation of wit; a vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world; or from a desire of gratifying

any of these dispositions of mind, in those persons with whom we converse.

'The publisher of scandal is more or less odious to mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But whatever may be the occasion of spreading these false reports, he ought to consider that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the person at whom they are aimed. The injury is the same, though the principle from whence it proceeds, may be different.

'As every one looks upon himself with too much indulgence when he passes a judgment on his own thoughts and actions: and as a very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is so universally practised, and at the same time so universally condemned, I shall lay down three rules, by which I would have a

man examine and search into his own heart before he stands acquitted to himself of this evil disposition of mind which I am here mentioning.

'First, let him consider if he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others? Secondly, if he is not too apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than the favourable side. Thirdly, if he is not ready to spread and propagate such reports, as tend to the disparagement of others?

'A man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shews sufficiently that he has a true relish of scandal, and shews consequently the seeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them; and be the more inclined to do so, as he

will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner as himself.

'A man should endeavour, therefore, to wear out of his mind this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the discredit of others.

'Secondly, a man should consult his own heart, whether he is not apt to believe such little blackening accounts; and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the favourable side.

'Such a credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a man's consciousness of his own secret corruptions. It is a wise saying of Thales, 'Falsehood is just as far distant from Truth, as the ears are from the eyes." By which he would intimate, that a wise man should not easily give credit to the reports of actions he has not seen. I shall, under this head, men-

tion some remarkable rules to be observed by the members of the celebrated Abbey de la Trappe.

'The fathers are there ordered never to give an ear to any accounts of base or criminal actions—to turn off all such discourse if possible; but in case they hear any thing of this nature, so well attested that they cannot possibly disbelieve it; they are then to suppose that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who was guilty of it. This is, perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance; but it is certainly much more laudable than to suppose, as the malevolent part of the world does, that indifferent and even good actions, proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

'In the third place, a man should examine his own heart, whether he does not find in it a secret inclination to propagate such reports as tend to the discredit of others.

'When the disease of the mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this degree of malignity, it discovers itself in its worst symptoms; and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not, therefore, insist upon the guilt in this last particular, which every one cannot but disapprove, who is not void of humanity, or even common discretion. I shall only add that, whatever pleasure any man may take in spreading whispers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater satisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the secret die within his own breast.'"

As Sir Robert de Grey and his party in their circuit homewards, came near Graystock Castle, they determined to stop a few days with the Duke of Norfolk, and rest their horses. As they approached the grand entrance, three odd female figures appeared at the door, talking to the house-

keeper; and one was raising her voice talking in a very loud, angry manner; they were now near enough to overhear the dialogue, and the housekeeper said, "I am sure I shall not admit such as you, while his Grace is here:" "Do you know who I am," thundered out the amazon of the party? "I am Mrs. Silke, Sir Charles Silke's sister:" "And I," drawled out the second, "Am Mrs. Frost, daughter of the great Frost, whose ancestors lived, before the Conquest, in Bothall Castle, in Northumberland; a far more magnificent seat than this: I am sure his Grace would be proud of his company." "And I," said Mrs. Lydia, "may call myself the aborigine of my family, since I am the first that ever had any merit—or rather, I may say, I am the Alpha and Omega; the first, and last, that ever will have any merit." "I do not care what outlandish things you may call yourselves," said the

housekeeper, "I know his Grace can't abide old women; so you may tramp," and so saying, she banged the door in their faces. "I wish the devil had you," thundered out Mrs. Silke; and turning round, they were much mortified to see the party they wished to shine amongst at Matlock, witnesses of their disgrace here.

The Tabbies brushed up to the ladies, and asked where they came from, hoping it would give them an air of consequence in the eyes of the servants, and, perhaps, gain them admission. Sir Robert de Grey had such a detestation of their malignity, he was hardly civil; perhaps quite short and unceremonious, would be nearer the truth; and seeing the Duke approaching to welcome him, he took his daughter by the hand, and abruptly turned away from them. The Tabbies turned to see all they could; first, to try if they could not edge themselves into joining the party, and next,

to make out all they could. Miss Neville was leaning on the arm of Lord Cardross: "Aye," said Mrs. Lydia, "Now, I dare say, that numskull, Miss Neville, is going to be married to Lord Cardross; what can he be thinking of? I am sure I should make a much better wife, with my prudence, and propriety. I wonder how she got him to have her—I dare say, now, if I had gone and taken possession of Dryburgh Abbey I should not have got him to have me. Men are such perverse, strange beings, I declare I'm sick of them: and then that simpleton will have such a deal of money to spend in clothes, and diamonds too, and have her coach-and-four; I declare it's enough to make one mad."

"Now see," said Mrs. Silke, "there is the Duke shaking them all by the hand, and is so glad to see them; and he does not give one look at us: I've a great mind to go and tell him I am Sir Charles Silke's

sister, and what great things Sir Charles will do, and then he'll be made a peer, and Lady Silke will be presented; and the nation will do so much to shew their gratitude; perhaps I may be made a peeress in my own right. Now, look, see the door is shut; how provoking it is! "If I was living at Bothall Castle," said Mrs. Frost, "I would myself bang the door in the Duke's face; he should know what it is to affront and insult the great Frost's daughter; I who have travelled in my father's coach-and-four, and such a retinue of saddle-horses, I could mount all my female friends: and now to be treated in such a contemptuous style, it makes my blood boil. If I was Lady de Grey, or Lady de Courcy, or Lady Cardross, I should not think I was aggrandized, after the great style I have lived in; and the great relations I have living in such great styles." "I am sure," said Mrs. Silke, in a huff, "I think Sir

Charles Silke's sister quite as good as any of that set: to be Lady de Grey, de Courcy, or Cardross, I should not feel any elevation, I assure you; I have ridden in a coach-and-six, and lived with five-and-twenty servants in the house." "Aye, Sally; and how much in the pound was paid for all this style?" said a voice from behind, which, to the great annoyance of the Tabbies, proved to be Dr. Stukeley, accompanied by Mr. Hatton, coming by invitation to make a visit at Graystock Castle. You only speak of your relations, Sally, when you can puff their grandeur. Your brother's name never passed your lips whilst he was living in the sanctuary of Holyrood House: when he was transplanted to the West Indies you could speak of him: and when the family-living was sold to make a compromise with the parson's creditors, you puffed off that the buyer was an old friend of the family, it was given to him. 'You lie to white-wash

your own connexions, and you lie to blacken others. Oh, Sally! beware the fate of liars!

"Mrs. Lydia, you might claim admittance here; you have a family connexion with the duke; you, who have the pedigree of blood-royal, and connexions with nobility, only speak of your relations as if they were unworthy to live: and Sally and Molly puff about brewers and attorneys, as if they were kings and emperors. "I'm ashamed of my relations," said Mrs. Lydia; "I don't like the heels one screws to her shoes, and another ought to keep a better table; and there's one wears a white satin gown, which is too young for her; another talks too much about her bed-room; there is not one I am not ashamed of." "It is enough to keep you in a perpetual blush," said the Doctor: "but remember, Lydia, your family have had the offer of a peerage; which neither Silkes or Frosts with all their

bounce have had: I suppose Molly is journeying to Bothall Castle to turn out the owner, and reinstate herself in the seat of her ancestors." "Yes," drawled out Mrs. Mary, "I am sure, when I say there I am descended from the great Frosts, who lived so many hundred years in that castle, the doors will fly open: I shall be pressed to stay there some days; and all the party will be gladly received there. "Do let us get away," said Mrs. Silke, "from this nasty poison Duke: I am sure he is a very weak, ill-informed man." "Shall I enlighten his mind with telling him of your grandeur," said Dr. Stukeley? "we shall be here some days; if you remain in the neighbourhood, I will try to soften madam housekeeper to admit you." The Tabbies bounced off, and the gentlemen pursued their way into the house, where they were welcomed by his Grace and his friends.

Dr. Stukeley could not resist treating the

company with the anger of the Tabbies, and giving the Duke some anecdotes of them: he was quite ignorant of their history, and had not observed them. Lord Cardross said, Had I heard nothing of the history of these defamatory Quixottes, to hear their conversation would convince me there must be something very wrong about them: had not Sal been so hampered all her life with debts and difficulties, she would not be so prying about the private affairs of others. Had your Grace admitted her to your table she would have found out you were over head and years in debt. "I beg your pardon," said Dr. Stukeley; "it is victuals and drink buys Sally's good word; being sent empty away will cause her to spread such a report: had your Grace given her a dinner she would have puffed you as the most exemplary of the peerage; you were not only the first duke, but the first character in the kingdom. Now nothing will be

too bad to say of you; you will not only be over head and ears in debt, but intrigue with all your maids; from the housekeeper to the kitchen wench; none will escape that nasty, filthy fellow. I dare say Mrs. Mary was studying the housekeeper's shape to see if she looked as if she was with-child."

"I shall half-suspect the virtue of the Tabbies," said Lord de Courcy, "they are so ready to suspect others." "No, no," said Dr. Stukeley; "they are pure virgins; their faces are their security: 'tis the *want* of finding men notice them, makes them so inveterate to others: when a woman raves against all pretty faces, depend upon it she can get no man to notice her.

Sir Robert de Grey said, "I must lay before parliament my plan for building a city to enclose old maids from commerce with the world. What age would you immure them at?" said Lord de Courcy; "Fifty," said Sir Robert; "on the fiftieth anniversary

of their birth, they should be sent under a strong escort to the City of Virgins." "But," said Dr. Stukeley, "you will rob Hymen of some votaries; there was the Hon. Mrs Stockton became a bride at sixty-five, and Mrs. Black was seventy-four, when she blessed the Captain with her fortune: those Tabbies who can produce a good character, that their milk of human kindness is not turned to gall, might be left out." "No, shut them up," said Sir Robert; "Hymen will not miss such votaries: men will not find it a hardship to be obliged to take younger wives: the Tabbies, on immuring, should give up great part of their fortune to their younger relations; a hundred per annum would be a handsome income in the City of Virgins: their expenses would be confined; dress, of course, is out of the question, there is no motive for it:

'Where none admire how useless to excel,
Where none are beaux how vain to be a belle.'

Travelling is prohibited; if they are caught attempting to escape, they are to be shot at, like Buonaparte. Public amusements will be curtailed—cats' concerts they may have—cards and defamation will be their chief resources. Their fortunes may go to enriching younger couples; thus they will be cut off from spreading mischief, and made the involuntary cause of promoting happiness. They will never hear how happy the married are made by the addition of their fortunes; they would go mad if they did."

Lord Cardross said, "What you propose, Sir Robert, in jest, I have often wished could be executed, in an ameliorated state. I would have for single women, or, rather for a female asylum, homes, something on the plan of Nunneries: there should be no

vows made; but here is an asylum and endowment for those who want homes; wives whose husbands are abroad, or widows, I would have admitted: let them stay as long as suits them, and then be free to go: those who cannot afford to pay towards the expenses should do work to sell; and take an active department in the house. Such a home would help to diminish the gall of single women; they would not find matrimony their only chance of a home, and would have no motive but the love of mischief, for endeavouring to break off matches. Females are much to be pitied who want homes: it is a miserable life to be always going from one to another; and it is only the ugly and those free from attractions of any sort that are so admitted. When you hear it said, Miss Such-a-one is a most charming woman, her company is so sought after, she is always going from house to house; you may be sure she is a plain, or-

dinary woman, whom the mistress of the house neither fears rivalling herself, captivating her husband, her son, or her brother: and such are usually as venemous as the Tabbies just dismissed from here: they retail tittle-tattle from house to house." "Yes," said Mr. Hatton, "Miss Casterton is a proof of that: it is wonderful the high society she got into, and how her folly got her hunted out of it." Dr. Stukeley said, We all heard Mrs. Lydia's tittle-tattle at Matlock; she goes from house to house prying into private affairs, and then making them public, saying at the same time, her friends do not *wish* them known. There certainly should be some plan adopted for the benefit of these beings; Sir Robert de Grey, or Lord Cardross, should be the projectors: Sir Robert's plan pleases me best; Lord Cardross's is most practicable. A woman may soon see, if she will, if she has any chance for matrimony; and if they

would, early in life, retire with a good grace to celibacy, they might form a sisterhood amongst themselves; and by joining ten or twelve small fortunes, live comfortably: but they go on hoping the older they are the more attractive they shall be; and Mr. *Right* will come at last. Not one of those three Tabbies are past their hopes: Sal Silke thinks she shall get Mr. Orwell to have her, because he has all his life been partial to fine women and widows; so as she is neither one nor t'other, he must ripen into love of her. She had hopes of Sir Thomas Agincourt: she was hopping mad when he married. Lydia Crabtree is doing her possible to get Harry Monk: Molly Frost is a Tabby Bramble; she tries for every man she sees.

Let it not be supposed, during this period, that the charms of Jemima de Grey have not been spoken of, that they were seen unmoved. She was, by most men,

allowed to be the handsomest woman ever seen. There was a large party at Greystock Castle, and amongst them was Lord Greenwich, son to the Earl of Warminster. The Earl was an excellent old-fashioned character; he preferred the shade of retirement to the bustle and intrigues of court, and public life: he married the daughter of the Duke of Purbeck; she was not ambitious to shine in high life, and gladly retired with her lord to spend the greater part of the year in the country. Their family was numerous and amiable; all were domestic, and none have come forward to distinguish themselves in public life in any way. Lord Greenwich had imbibed his father's love for the cool sequestered vale of life: when he could find a wife suited to his taste, he was determined to marry, and fix his residence in the country. He was much struck with the beauty of Miss de Grey—he determined to study her charac-

ter, and see if her mind was beauteous as her face. With the character of Sir Robert he was acquainted, and thought him likely to educate his daughter to make a good wife. The more he saw the more he loved. Jemima could enjoy society, or be happy with a ride with her father—admiration was not essential to her enjoyment of life, nor did she talk about her beauty, or tell every man she saw how much she was admired, and how many offers she had refused.

"Here," thought Lord Grenwich, "my search may end. I can here find all I require or wish for in a wife. Lord de Courcy was too quick-sighted not to perceive the growing attachment of Lord Greenwich. He watched Jemima to see how she was affected by his attentions. Lord Greenwich was a gentleman, and of amiable character—he was not handsome, or in any wise formed to constitute the hero

of a romance; but he was likely to make an excellent husband, and all his connexions were amiable. It was a match no parent could find a shadow of objection to, unless he had determined to leave his daughter solely to her own choice amongst her lovers. Sir Robert probably recurred to his own feelings in making this unalterable determination. He had allowed himself to have a wife recommended—Lady de Grey did not answer the expectations formed of her; and Sir Robert found her wholly unsuited to him as a companion. He was not to be called unhappy in marriage, and the union did not last many years; but his own feelings made him determined not to recommend a husband to his daughter, or to make a point of her marrying or not marrying. He wished in that momentous concern of social happiness, to have the determination left to her choice. That Jemima should marry or live

single, as she pleased; and if she married, her husband should be her own selection from her lovers. From Sir Robert so well knowing the character of Lord de Courcy, he gave him the preference to all the admirers of his daughter. Lord Greenwich came next to him in elegibility. His character, and that of his family, was well known to Sir Robert; and all he saw of him confirmed the good opinion he had received of him. He was a man Jemima could not fail to be pleased with the attentions of. She was no coquet, but the attentions of all men she received as a civility and compliment.

Lord de Courcy had never felt his jealousy so much awakened before—the former admirers of Jemima he thought had not a shadow of chance with her; but here was a lover to whom was not a shadow of objection; and who had it in his power to marry when he pleased. The Earl of

Warminster possessed the estates of two earldoms, and had no vices to impoverish him. He lived in a style suited to his rank, with hospitality and benevolence; but his expenses were always limited within his income, and his wealth accumulated.

The Countess of Warminster had a virtue rarely found amongst the great and the rich; she would go into the abodes of misery, and her benevolent heart glowed with delight in relieving distress—the languid eye kindled with pleasure, and the sick bed was eased of pain, when my lady entered, like a ministering angel to distribute comfort, and drive away want. If the stranger sued to her for assistance, they were not rejected because they were strangers; like the Duchess of Haydon, who paid no attention to the application of a distressed gentlewoman almost starving, because she did not know her, and would not take the trouble to inquire respecting her—or the Bishop of

———, who only sees with the eyes of others; and if his almoner rejects distress, he rejects it also; but can he make his almoner take the place of Dives in the next world? Lady Warminster attended herself to all who were laid at her gate full of sores; and the hungry were never sent empty away. She saw what essential service a few pounds judiciously spent could afford the distressed, and had the heartfelt gratification of hearing distressed objects in the higher ranks exclaim on giving the sum of ten pounds in the beginning of the year: "Oh! you have made me rich for the whole year." Did those who lavish hundreds lay these things to heart, how much misery might be alleviated in this world.

The Earl and Countess of Warminster were much pleased when Lord Greenwich imparted to them his attachment to Miss de Grey—she was the woman to form his happiness, and adorn his rank in life; and they

were anxious no time should be lost in making arrangements for settling the wedding. Lord de Courcy was aware of the attachment of Lord Greenwich, and he felt embarrassed how to act. Should he declare himself the lover of Jemima, or should he wait to see the result of the proposals of Lord Greenwich. He well knew that Jemima was not determined at all events to have a husband, and would be afraid of rejecting one man for fear another should not offer—was not her heart interested, he was certain Lord Greenwich would not be accepted. In such a case he thought it better to wait the result of the offer of Lord Greenwich.

Lord Greenwich was quick-sighted enough to perceive that Lord de Courcy had attachment to Miss de Grey, but his outward attentions did not amount to a man deeply in love, or of an accepted lover: nothing that he saw deterred him

from persevering in his attempt to make himself pleasing to Sir Robert de Grey, and his daughter.

Jemima's accomplishments were much called forth in the society she was now in: her harp and her voice were in daily exercise—the evenings rarely closed without a dance, and some foreigners were in the house which called forth her conversing in French, and Italian. Lord Cardross seemed, in this scene, like a man awakened from frenzy, to a state of tranquility. When Jemima sung, or played, he would not go near her; he tried to be inattentive. Isabella, who knew his love of music, and observed his delicate inattention, put a constraint upon her own feelings to perform before miscellaneous parties. She had ever shunned it, though a good performer, and now was daily exercised with Miss de Grey. Lord Cardross never danced with Jemima, he solely danced with Isabella;

she was charmed with such delicate forbearance, and exerted herself to endeavour to feel double interest in music, and dancing.

Dr. Stukeley, and Mr. Hatton, who saw all that was passing, said to each other, "which couple will be most happy in matrimony? I would almost give the preference to Lord and Lady Cardross, each has been disappointed in the first wish of their hearts—their minds are chastened—they do not marry with high ideas of rapture, but of calm tranquillity, and friendly attentions. Both are well educated, and sensible, and past the heyday of life: they have endeavoured, as christians, to soothe each other's afflictions—each endeavours to wean themselves from their unavailing attachment, and to find in the other the highest perfections. I doubt not they will be exemplary as husband and wife, and as parents: a few years passed

we shall see Lord and Lady Cardross, an example of conjugal felicity. Lord and Lady de Courcy will have more rapture; set out in life with the idea of heaven in their union; but may he always see, with indifference, the admiration she excites? Or may he always continue as amiable as he now is?—they will set out with the fairest of prospects, and be for a time the happiest of couples: but I almost incline to prefer the prospects of Lord and Lady Cardross. Should the healths of Lord and Lady de Courcy decline, their children die, or any severe calamity befall them, they are unused to sorrow, and their calamities will be keenly felt: the former have drank of the cup of affliction, almost to its last bitter dregs, and their chastened minds will meet calamity with fortitude, and firmness; and feel already their lot in this life, is not for perfect happiness: this dear girl has been an idol to all hearts: nur-

tured in the eye of an affectionate father, who would die to avert calamity from her; she has her trial of the world still to come. Lovely and amiable as she is, who knows what unchecked prosperity may not effect in her. A girl who is the sole idol of her father, marries to a disadvantage; a husband rarely is so attentive, or so devoted. I almost consider the attachment of father and daughter as the most unchangeable of human attachments. Lord Cardross is so decided, and settled in private life, he never will become a public character: Lord de Courcy may be fired with ambition. His possessions will be very large; when the heiress of Hulne Abbey, is added to Prudhoe Castle, he will be an object to ministers: should he be drawn into political life, and his wife much neglected, she yet has a father to attend to her: while Sir Robert lives I have no fears for her; and, if God spares him ten years, they will

then be an established, settled couple; and, I trust, neither ambition, nor vanity, will have power over their minds.

Lord Greenwich came up at the latter part of this conversation, and said, "Is it certain Miss de Grey is to be Lady de Courcy?" "We gossips settle it so," said the Doctor, "but far be it from me to affirm it: believe not gossips, my lord, try your own strength; it is a prize worth contending for." "Yes, death or victory, is worth hazarding here," he said, "I want nothing but my charmer's consent—I have my own and my parents: so far we are fixed; but in only wanting her consent, I fear I want all that is requisite: her will, her father will never force: it is her own choice is to decide her, for, or against, matrimony; or to say, which is the man."

"What does your lordship think of Lord Cardross, and his intended" said

Dr. Stukeley. " They will have calm enjoyment," said Lord Greenwich, " I aspire to higher rapture—I respect their attentions to each other; they will be respectable; but I aspire to rapture with my choice; that she should be the only beloved of my heart; and twenty years after I am married, I should be able to say, 'how much the wife is dearer than the bride:' I should feel so much pride in taking such a wife into society—I love not the gay world, and hope she never will; nor do I fear, so well cultivated a mind coveting dissipation. She is contented with her father's society, and I trust will be so with her husband's. She is the woman for a lover of social life to covet. I should feel it my happiness, to study hers; and, with such a companion, there could be no vacuum, in the most retired situation. She wants not men to be daily, and hourly, telling her how handsome she is. I never

saw a woman more divested of affectation and tricks. I am resolved against public life, and shall live chiefly in the country—I will attend to my estate, and country business. Perhaps may enter the militia; but that is the most public line I shall ever enter into: Miss de Grey will adorn and enliven my home—and, I trust, we shall render each other happy; and not each one break asunder our own plighted vows, and destroy the happiness of others' wedded love."

Sir Robert de Grey joined the party at the conclusion of this conversation, and overhearing the last words, he said to Lord Greenwich, "Heaven avert such a destiny from your Lordship; and I trust you are too well-principled to be in danger of such conduct." "If you will be my father-in-law," said his Lordship, "I should think I had nothing to fear—will you accept me as your son-in-law?" "That, my Lord," said Sir Robert, "is a promise I cannot

make; my daughter has the sole choice of her husband: make yourself master of her heart, and I will gladly take you to mine.

Miss de Grey was sitting at the farther end of the room, and accompanying her harp with her voice, was by desire of the Duke, singing, "Nobody coming to marry me; nobody coming to woo." As she finished the song, Lord Greenwich approached her, and whispered, "I deny that; I am coming to woo as an earnest suitor, and with the promise of Sir Robert's approbation, if I have yours. My own parents' warm approbation of my attachment, I am blessed with; all that is wanting is your consent to be Lady Greenwich—you will be the beloved of my family as you have been of your father, and you shall have the choice to live where you please—the study of my life shall be to make you happy—you shall live with Sir Robert or he live with you; if you are re-

luctant to part." Jemima replied, "I feel much gratitude to your Lordship for your attachment, and approbation of your family, so flattering to me; my father leaves me free to marry, or live single—I do not at present feel disposed to quit my father's house—I shall feel happy in your acquaintance; but relinquish all other ideas of me."

Sir Robert de Grey never felt so anxious before to know the ultimatum of his daughter's mind. He approached the party—Jemima took hold of his arm, and they left the room. When alone with her father she said, "You, Sir, have left me free in the most momentous concern of my life, for which I cannot feel too grateful to you. You are too kind a father for me to be anxious to quit you. I sometimes think I never shall be happier than now. Lord Greenwich does not wish to separate us—he would live with you, or have you live

with us, as we should find most suitable. He is an amiable man, and I respect him and his family; but my heart does not feel interested by him."

"Tell me, my love," said Sir Robert, "does your heart feel interested for any one, or are you yet to see the man you would wish to have for a husband?" Jemima paused, a blush overspread her face. "I ask no more," Sir Robert said; "I am answered, for some questions no tongue is requisite to give an answer. There are some reasons why this is the most eligible match for you. To Lords Cardross, Greenwich, or de Courcy, I can have no objection; the former I think best suited to an older woman. Lord Warminster's estates are too distant to make all a residence, and keep under your own inspection. Lord de Courcy I think most suited to you in all respects; and Prudhoe Castle is so near Hulne Abbey, there need be no alienation

from either place—both may still be looked after by their possessors; and with you so near me, I shall not be driven to marry a grimalkin for fear I should hang myself in the large lonely old Abbey." Jemima could not refrain from a laugh. "Then poor mesdames Silke, Frost, and Crabtree," said she, "farewell to your hopes of becoming Lady de Grey, and domineering in Hulne Abbey—you must cast your eyes and attractions elsewhere for husbands."

Lord de Courcy felt his heart beat when Sir Robert de Grey and his daughter left the room. He looked at Lord Greenwich, and could not read in his face either the happy or rejected lover. He felt now was the time to determine his fate—he would return to Hulne Abbey the accepted lover of Jemima, or he would see it no more. He left the drawing-room, and wandering about, got at last to the apartment in which Sir Robert and Jemima were seated; hear-

ing the latter laughing at the disappointment of the Tabbies losing all chance of Sir Robert, he felt no fear of entering the room at an unseasonable moment. He entered and seated himself between the father and daughter. "Miss de Grey laughs at unsuccessful love;" he said, "but I am come to throw myself at her feet in the confidence, that if she will not accept me for a husband, she will not insult me with triumphing over my despair. Sir Robert, I make no apology for not addressing you in the first instance: you make Miss de Grey arbitress of her own fate—if she honours me with taking me for a husband, I will follow your example; and free as her will has been left by her father, so shall it remain with her husband—my will shall be submitted to both. I will live at Hulne Abbey, or you shall live at Prudhoe Castle—be undivided still—I covet no other society. Matrimony, that will make me

the happiest of men, shall not be purchased at your expense, Sir Robert, by tearing your daughter from you. You are too excellent a father to be abandoned in old age." Jemima was silent, and Sir Robert said, "I have left my daughter's heart free, neither that or her tongue shall be forced; as she is silent, I will speak; I know her heart, my Lord: I know it is your's." Lord de Courcy fell down on his knees, and seized the hand of Jemima, and kissed it in ecstasy. Sir Robert arose and took their united hands: "God bless you both!" he said, "and make you a blessing to each other many, many years—she has been the blessing of my life, Lord de Courcy; God grant she may be so of yours!" Sir Robert having given them his benediction left the room.

"Will my angel not speak!" said Lord de Courcy, "will she not own with her own lips she is mine? Happy as Sir Ro-

bert's assurance makes me, I want my happiness confirmed by you. You have been so accustomed to say no to men—cannot you say yes? Oh! how proud does that idea make me, that my charmer will select me from amongst so many, and some as highly distinguished for rank and fortune!—it is not solely to be my lady you take me." "No," said Jemima, "neither rank nor riches should induce me to marry with indifference or aversion. I am happily in a situation to have neither an object to me. My father only covets happiness for me in marriage; and leaves me free to say with whom I will be happy. With you I shall share the task of making the decline of my father's life happy—he is a parent deserving of our tenderest love." "I trust, my angel," said Lord de Courcy, "I shall promote instead of diminishing his happiness. It will be a satisfaction to him to see you happy in marriage—it is the proper state

for us. The happy in wedlock are the nearest approaching to paradise. It ought not to be forgotten, it was the institution of Providence for man's happiness, in his days of innocence. The fall of man has caused the corruption of the state. If we are blessed with a progeny, think you not Sir Robert, will feel young again in seeing your representatives in an infantine state; and when we are grown old in love and in good works, you in your girls shall again be courted, and I'll go a-wooing in my boys."

Sir Robert de Grey, on his return to the drawing-room, told the company that Lord de Courcy was to be his son-in-law. What a motley composition is human nature! How strang at one period—how weak at another! Now all inflexible integrity, then the erring mortal! Lord Cardross had given up all idea of Jemima—he had engaged himself to another; and seemed to

contemplate his union with Miss Neville with great satisfaction.—yet, when he heard of this fondly-idolized object about to be given to another, he felt struck to the heart, and burst forth in an agony:

"And shall then another embrace thee, my fair;
Shall envy still add to the pangs of despair?"

and, striking his forehead, he abruptly left the room: Lord Greenwich followed him. The night was moon-light, and Lord Cardross rapidly passed into the garden; Lord Greenwich overtook him, and took hold of his arm. "My fortitude is gone," said Lord Cardross, in an agony of despair: "I thought I could bear to see her the wife of another; but, it kills me! I cannot survive it; the grave will entomb me, ere she becomes a bride:—

Break, break, fond heart,———
And take this certain triumph o'er thy flame."

"Forbear, my Lord, said Lord Greenwich; resume your fortitude; remember

you have an affianced love; respect her feelings." "Affianced love!" Lord Cardross faintly murmured; "do I fancy I can love another? oh, impossible! this dear angel is so entwined round my heart; there is her image seated;—never, oh, never! to be blotted out: De Courcy, thou shalt not tear her from me; sooner will I drink your heart's blood." "Reflect," said Lord Greenwich, "how many are disappointed as well as yourself: my heart fondly hoped she would have been the pride and happiness of my life: I feel deeply wounded, but I rave not: how respectable are many she has rejected; we are not disgraced; think of Miss Neville, she is deserving of your love, do not wound her feelings."

"Yes, I will think of her," said Lord Cardross, emphatically; "she shall be thought of; she is worthy of my love; I was subdued; my frenzied feelings gained ascendant. Oh! I have deeply felt, been

keenly wounded, agonized almost to madness; but who can love this dear angel but to adoration: never was woman like her before! Isabella shall be loved; she deserves my love; I will endeavour to be worthy of her; she is too noble-minded to take offence at my flights of love; I will return to her, and solace her."

They returned to the house, and as they crossed the saloon, Lord de Courcy and Jemima were going to the drawing-room. Lord Cardross went hastily up to them, and took a hand of each. "Blessed pair," he said, "be you happy as our first parents in Paradise: be the best of husbands, Lord de Courcy, for you will have the best of wives. I will behold you without envy, and with the blessing of Heaven, I hope you will soon see me married, and not unhappy."

The gentlemen were alarmed for Isabella when Lord Cardross broke forth into such

impassioned feelings; but she so well knew his heart, and could so well make allowance for the feelings of an idolizing mind, about to be torn from the object of its fondest affection, that she sat with calm fortitude: she did not even feel wounded female vanity; so well were her feelings under control. The Duke said to Sir Robert, I am indeed indebted to you for bringing me two such models for the female sex: I can hardly tell which to admire most; 'as pity melts the soul to love.' I think I am nearest loving Miss Neville; she has my pity as well as admiration; and your bud of beauty is too young for such an old fellow as myself to think of."

The rest of the party now entered the drawing-room: Lord Cardross requested Miss de Grey to sing the Cypress Wreath; she complied with his request, and he went and sat by Isabella: as she finished, he said, that is my requiem as the lover of Jemima:

henceforth I am dead as her lover; I now shall live only for you; forgive my wayward humours: you have a noble heart, and will, I trust, in time wholly command mine: a little indulgence of my wayward humours may sometimes be necessary:

"Be to my *faults* a little blind,
Be to my *virtues* very kind."

I will exert my fortitude, call forth my nobler self; and with all the energies of determined resolution, endeavour to tear, to blot, to obliterate, this resistless charmer from my heart, and henceforward live devoted to you."

CHAPTER III.

And Bertram's might, and Bertram's right,
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.

THE disgraced Tabbies returned to the inn in a violent huff, and ordering a chaise, in they bounced, and set forward for Bothall Castle, full of fury against the party at Greystock Castle.

Bothall Castle was reached, and after the grimalkins had beautified their persons, Mrs. Frost placed herself at the head of the party, to conduct them in triumph to the seat of her forefathers; nothing doubting but the trio would be received with open arms. The possessor of Bothall Castle, is a man proud of his ancestors, sensible, and amiable, but something un-

bending to those whose appearance does not square with his ideas. He had been told of the Frosts puffing about Bothall Castle belonging to them; and as stories commonly gain in circulation, the narration that reached his ears was, that an upstart attorney in London, was threatening to lay claims to Bothall Castle, and turn him out, as an intruder: "Here," thought he, "is a second edition of Glossin and Bertram—I shall have Latitat attempting to bastardize me; but I think I shall be too much for master Latitat; he may end his days as Glossin did."

Mr. Ford had met with some vexation from a tenant, and happened to be much ruffled in temper, when he was walking near the Castle, and Mrs. Frost brushed up to him, nothing doubting, this was the owner. "Sir," she drawled out in her harshest tone of voice, "you must have heard of the great Frosts, who lived so

many hundred years in this celebrated castle; whether they were here in the time of Julius Cæsar, or did not build the castle till the days of Vortigern, is still a dispute: that their style of life has always been much more sumptuous than the style of Alnwick castle: horses, servants, and retainers of all kinds, were more numerous: where the Percies brought one follower into the field, the Frosts brought ten: my ancestors talked of disputing for the throne with Oswy. The possession of Bothal Castle was always more coveted by the Scotch, than Alnwick: more attempts were made to gain possession of it, and more Scottish kings and nobles slain before its walls, then against Alnwick: the Border history is filled with their prowess, and magnificence—though my father relinquished keeping up armed followers, running footmen, and killing ten bullocks a week, and thirty sheep for the maintenance of our

household; and my mother had no longer the piper preceding her, when she visited amongst the great folks of our neighbourhood; yet, my father travelled in his coach and four, and had such a retinue of saddle horses, I could mount all my female friends —I have been more admired than Mary, Queen of Scots: indeed, all men allow, no woman was equal to myself for beauty or accomplishments: Lady Jane Grey was nothing to me. Never had any woman so many lovers; this vast Castle is unequal to containing them: I should have been the best of wives and mothers, had I been able to conquer my awful dread of marriage, and receive a man to my arms; but I never found a man suited to my delicate sensibility: else Lady Rachael Russel would have been inferior to me, as a wife—and Cornelia, as a mother."

Had Mr. Ford received no intimation of the Frosts, who, and what they were, and

that they threatened ejecting him from Bothall Castle; he would simply have supposed, from the appearance of Mrs. Frost and her oration, that she was a mad woman, and would have turned from her without giving any answer. But, supposing the tricks of a rascally attorney were going to be exercised against him, to endeavour to wrest his property from him; and this coming across him when his temper was already ruffled; he viewed every thing in the worst light. The athletic figure, he supposed, was the attorney in disguise, coming to pry about, and pick up what information he could, and bribe witnesses to swear what he pleased; so holding up his cane to Mrs. Frost, he said, "So you go about affecting to be a mad woman to get into houses; and your rascally brother comes in female attire, in hopes that disguise will enable him to pick up information, and drive me from my pos-

sessions: if I admit you into my house, that rascal will break in amongst my papers, and destroy my title deeds: I shall admit you no where but into my horsepond; and if you don't get off my premises directly, I shall order my servants to give you a good ducking in the horsepond, 'and you, you petticoated rascal!' said Mr. Ford, shaking his cane over the head of Mrs. Silke, "never let me see your rascally face again: remember the fate of Glossin—though he got possession of Ellangowan, could he keep it? could he keep himself from disgrace? Could he keep himself from falling a victim to his own villany? Repent ere it is too late; work honestly for your bread, and don't hope to thrive from turning out the wealthy to starve."

"I am not a man!" thundered out Mrs. Silke, "or an attorney—I am Sir Charles Silke's sister. Sir Charles will do more for the nation than Nelson; and the nation will

do more for him. He will be made a marquis and have two hundred thousand pounds given him, and his sisters will have twenty thousand pounds a-piece; and perhaps I shall be made a peeress." "And what are you to have?" said Mr. Ford to Mrs. Frost, "for your assistance in turning me out of the seat of my forefathers? Are you to have a hundred acres of land, and a house built for you, as your purity cannot receive a man to your arms, to endow you with a house? Your great Frosts that you puff about, have never been heard of in this country. There's mad Jack Frost the Tinker, may be your cousin; but he has no claim to my estate."

"Why you are as bad as Doctor Stukeley," said Mrs. Frost, "I believe you are own brothers." "Oh, oh! you know my friend Stukeley, do you, and think I am as bad as him," said Mr. Ford. "I think we support better characters in the world than

you rascally Frosts; but I shall not suffer your remaining on my premises: whether you are men or women, you shall tramp, for I do not desire the company of such baggages as you; so begone directly or my servants shall drive you through the horsepond. Mr. Ford looked so excessively angry, and spoke with so much passion, the Tabbies had no hopes of softening him, and getting any meals or lodging at Bothall Castle: so they turned tail and left the Castle, with no more satisfaction than they quitted Greystock Castle. "How difficult it is to get into a Castle," said Mrs. Silke, "these men are so proud of their possessions; and think so much of giving dinners to people they do not know. I declare I am almost tired of travelling, we have eat and drank so little at other people's expense this tour; and that does not suit me." "Nor me, nor me," said the Mesdames Frost and Crabtree; "there is

nothing like living at other people's expense."

Sir Robert de Grey and his party had now their hands full of business, and were anxious to return to Hulne Abbey. They set out from their magnificent abode at Greystock, and soon arrived in safety at home. Mr. Neville came from Kyloe to meet them, and gladly gave his consent to his daughter's marriage with Lord Cardross. He was a man for a father to give the preference to, had there been a competition between him and Mortimer de Montalt. Mr. Neville settled all his property on his daughter, though Lord Cardross urged him not to tie up his hands, as he might wish to marry when left alone. But Mr. Neville was confident he should not. However, Lord Cardross would not suffer him to give up any property in his life-time, money had no part in his determination to

marry Miss Neville—it was indifferent to him if she was portionless.

Lord Cardross devoted all his time and attention to Miss Neville. The delightful scenery around Hulne Abbey, they found they could rapturously spend whole days in traversing. Mount Carmel presented to minds like theirs, an interesting association, as connected with the story of Matilda and Malek Adhel. They regretted she would go to the Nunnery, and not suffer Malek Adhel to take her to Cesarea—all the train of misfortunes that then overtook them, might have been averted, and they lived happy, and blessed in each other. "But we will ascend Mount Carmel," said Lord Cardross, nothing fearing, "we will even ascend the lofty tower of Brisley." They gained the heights of the mountain, and they gained the top of the tower. Here was a scene to call forth the energetic powers of

Lord Cardross. "Behold," said he, "this vast expanse of the grandeur of architecture—the remains of Border feuds, and the peaceful labours of agriculture in a fertile soil. How noble! how terrible! how luxuriant! Turn to the right, and view where you began your tour with the survey of those towers of strength, that erst have defended this soil from the inroads of its neighbours. Five Castles are now in view; Holy Island, Bamborough, Dunstanborough, Warkworth, and Tinemouth: turn to the left, and what a rich expanse is there of fertile soil, and gentlemen's seats, even the distant hills of the south of Scotland are seen; and there lies Flodden Field, where the valiant James the Fourth of Scotland, expiated giving way to guilty passion, by loss of life. Let posterity remember, and avoid his errors; that should be the only inducement to discover the failings of others, to be aware of the rocks on which they split,

and learn by the dear-bought experience of others to avoid them; they are placed as beacons to warn the thoughtless; not as examples for beholders to have said to them, Go and do likewise. Behold the vast expanse of ocean with its face spotted over with vessels. That wild moor that now affords pasturage for numberless herds of cattle, and on whose crags hang the nimble-footed, shaggy goat, was the ancient forest of Haydon. And now turn your eyes to behold the far-famed Alnwick Castle, with its lofty towers and swelling battlements; how many sieges has that withstood: never could the Scotch, led on by their monarchs, ever subdue thy proud fortress; vain were their boastful endeavours: the monarchs fell, but not the castle. The vast crag of Ratspeugh, with the observatory, is no ignoble feature in the landscape. And where will you see such an extent of plantations, and ground so finely varied in inequalities;

the various tints of foliage are blended by a picturesque eye; and the rocky-bedded Aln, meandering and foaming through the dark tints of the woods, sparkles like diamonds. Isabella, we must bring our pencils here, and sketch these scenes to take with us to Dryburgh to finish: I can shew you some fine scenery there, but we do not rival, or even vie, with Hulne Abbey; we follow them at humble distance, he added with a sigh.

Lord de Courcy and his beloved were the happy lovers; they alternately traversed all the beautiful scenery of the county, and talked with enthusiastic raptures of the future happiness of their life; they had nothing in retrospection or anticipation, to cause a sigh: the horizon glowed brightly before them; all that Sir Robert had to pray for was the continuation of their present happiness. Lord Cardross could not forbear an occasional sigh as he witnessed

the joy sparkling in their eyes, and rapture illuminating their countenance. Just such happiness, thought he, was my heart formed to taste, would gracious Heaven have bestowed on me such a partner: but calm and unimpassioned will be my course of life; I must be thankful for the absence of frenzied feelings. He felt it would be more for his peace of mind to quit this scene of happy love, and return to his home, where he could have more serious occupations to engross his mind, and he requested that the nuptials might be hastened. All preparations were finished, and the following Thursday was fixed upon for their wedding-day; the marriage was to be solemnized in the chapel of Hulne Abbey.

Miss Neville had uncommon fortitude of soul, and calmness of mind; and she had strong occasion to call forth the practice of these virtues during the courtship: that she was not the first object of attachment with

Lord Cardross, she well knew: she saw the struggles of his mind to subdue his attachment to Miss de Grey, and she saw ofttimes how weak was human nature in the arduous conflict; she had acquired the firmness of a stoic. She had determined in her own mind, that the single state was forlorn and comfortless; she could find no happy maidens in advanced life, and she determined for matrimony, when such a man as Lord Cardross presented himself; and she thought her prospect promised fair for happiness, or at least tranquillity; all she might meet with of a contrary nature, she determined to bear with fortitude, and bury in oblivion.

Lord Cardross had sometimes fits of absence, and his mind would appear sinking into annihilation; then he would arouse himself, and seem happy: Lord de Courcy and Jemima kept as much out of his society as possible, and merely kept with him

but when good manners required it; and they thought with satisfaction of the time he was to quit them.

The momentous Thursday arrived that was to unite the fates of Lord Cardross and Isabella. He had been much absorbed the day before, and some were fearful how the ceremony might affect him; but it seemed the last struggle with hopeless love: he appeared calm and almost cheerful on the morning; and Miss Neville, who seemed rather to dread the sight of him, received him with smiles. Sir Robert and Mr. Neville led her to the chapel, and Lord Cardross followed, with Miss de Grey and Lord de Courcy. Lord Cardross looked not at Jemima; he took one of her hands, and Lord de Courcy held the other. At the entrance to the chapel he stopped—"Lord de Courcy," he said, "I relinquish an angel to you—be you blessed as angels—Heaven has in store one for me. Isabella

I now claim you as mine; as the future hope, and happiness of my life." He led her up to the altar, where Mr. Beauchamp was in waiting to unite them. The ceremony was concluded, and Lord Cardross led his bride to the breakfast-table. Congratulations were now made to them, and the bridegroom presented his bride with a diamond ring; and requested Miss de Grey to accept another. He said, "could he hope to prevail on Sir Robert de Grey to relinquish his post of father on her nuptials with Lord de Courcy, he should be happy to give her away. After breakfast the bride and bridegroom set off for Dryburgh Abbey, and Mr. Neville returned home.

Lord de Courcy now took his future bride, and father-in-law, to Prudhoe Castle—he wished for them to see and approve the place, or else to suggest any alterations they might wish for. The situation is fine and commanding; the Castle ancient and

magnificent: abundance of fine woods screen it from the furious blasts of the north; that elevated as it stands, it is not bleak. The owner of Hulne Abbey could find nothing to object to here. Lord de Courcy had trod in his steps almost with the devoted affection of an affectionate son. Here was the same provisions for youth and age; the cottages neat, and the inhabitants industrious and healthy; the tenantry on the farms thriving. Sir Robert saw all things here with pleasure; the condition of the place shewed the goodness of the owners' hearts. He trusted Jemima might safely venture her happiness with such a partner for life. Jemima felt a happiness, chastened with a mixture of regret; to quit her father's roof and protection, was a pang to her heart. She was duly sensible how much she was indebted to his care and love of her; and that under his sheltering roof she had been protected from all the storms of

life, and was yet to learn what was the cruelty and unkindness of an unfeeling world.

Soon after the marriage of Lord Cardross, news was brought to him of the death of Mrs. Mortimer de Montalt in child-bed; Lord Cardross would himself communicate the intelligence to his bride. She was employed in finishing a view of Melrose Abbey when he entered the room. He fixed his eyes on the drawing some time, and then said, "Isabella, you will now regret that the Abbey does not contain my ashes mingled with the dust of martyrs of ancient days." She started at such an idea; the tears came into her eyes; she dreaded to hear of she knew not what calamity. "Nothing but the crimes of my husband could make me wish that," she thought, "and surely crimes I have no reason to dread from him. What calamity am I to prepare for, my Lord?" she said. "For the

bitter, the unavailing sorrow," he replied, "that Mortimer de Montalt is now at liberty, and you are tied to me; his wife is numbered with the dead!" "Think not, my lord," she said, "I can feel a pang for myself on that account. I know I do not possess the heart of Mortimer; would he be more likely to love me now than heretofore? I am thankful I am spared the possibility of again feeling the pangs of disappointed love; it will make me doubly happy I am yours; all I can feel is sympathy for Mortimer, on his loss. He loved his wife, and must deplore her death." "Isabella," said Lord Cardross, "You are a salamander; you can live in fire! Mortimer will meet with no sympathy or kindness from his father; he only rejoices in the event. Your subdued mind is equal to all things. You will sympathize with him, and alleviate his sufferings by your gentle attentions. Shall I invite him to Dryburgh Abbey?"

"As your Lordship pleases," she said, "my will in all things is obedient to yours."

Lord Cardross went immediately to Nunsbrough, and returned with Mortimer de Montalt. He was not broken hearted, for the imprudence of his wife, and the inveteracy of his father to her had much weakened his affection; but he had once sincerely loved her, and her sudden death had much affected him. She died in the midst of her vanity and folly; cut off ere she was purged from the dross of this world.

Lady Cardross was a complete contrast to this selfish, dissipated woman; with a chastened, subdued mind, she thought not of herself when she could promote the happiness of others. Mortimer had now the film removed from his eyes, and he could perceive the superiority of the one he lost to the one he had possessed. Lord Cardross he congratulated as a happy man;

his mind was become calm, and even; he sought employment, and shunned all occasions of indulging melancholy and enthusiasm; he was imitating Sir Robert de Grey as a landlord; and his estate afforded him ample employment. Lady Cardross undertook to regulate the female school, and overlook the cottages on the estate; she would herself behold their distress, and trusted not to the interested accounts of agents in *disbursing* or *withholding* her bounty. Her benevolence was felt far and wide. Lord Cardross took a pride and pleasure in supplying her with ample means to gratify the feelings of her noble heart; he thought it the highest gratification she was capable of receiving.

To Mortimer de Montalt Lady Cardross was the affectionate sister; the most jealous husband could not be displeased with her attentions to him; nor could Mortimer have a wish her attentions were different. Lord

Cardross would often own to her, how inferior he felt his character: she could support all characters with the unshaken firmness and fortitude of a martyr, whilst he had often shewn the imbecility of a child. "You make me feel ashamed of myself, Isabella," he would say, "I was an idolater, I shall be a character of more firmness in your hands; I feel awakened from a dream; you shall no longer see me wayward and unhappy; I will arouse myself, and endeavour to become worthy of you: now I only feel unworthy so exalted a character; my only present merit is, the having enlarged your powers of benevolence, and brought you into a wider, and more conspicuous field of action. The proudest boast I can now make is, of my wife; I claim some merit for having chosen so well, and placed you in the proper situation to display your virtues, and make you a blessing to all within your influence."

Lady Cardross had invited Miss Canning to visit at Dryburgh Abbey, and she now arrived, as did also Lord Greenwich, whom Lord Cardross had requested to come and see him when he was married; Lord Greenwich had witnessed his agonies when he heard Miss de Grey was to marry Lord de Courcy; he had reproved and consoled him, and now he wished to be seen in another light; he thought himself a happy husband, and an example, and encouragement for desponding lovers. When Lord Greenwich had been some days at Dryburgh Abbey, Lord Cardross asked him, "If he did not call him a happy husband? and would trust to his discernment for making a good second choice for him; where all admire the same we must have many disappointments, and look for those who are worthy to succeed them in our affections. Jemima had my heart, Isabella my mind, and cool judgment approves of; I can ven-

ture to recommend to your lordship, one whom you will think yourself happy with.' "If you will not go beyond your own domain," said Lord Greenwich, "I may consent; choose Miss Canning for me, and you shall have my consent, and my parents'." "She is my choice for you," said Lord Cardross, "Isabella knows her well, she rather claims her for Mortimer; I have laid my finger upon her for you; you must try which the lady decides for."

Miss Canning was a woman to do credit to the cool judgment of Lord Greenwich in his choice of a wife, and would do honour to a coronet; he determined his search should end here, and he told his tale of love in her ear, and she received him for a lover, nothing loath. He informed Lord and Lady Warminster his choice was fixed; and as it was insisted upon by the owners that the marriage should be celebrated at Dryburgh Abbey, they were invited to attend the

nuptial rites, and they accordingly made immediate preparation for their journey; it was the first wish of their hearts to have their eldest son married, and the account they received from him of Miss Canning, and also from Lord and Lady Cardross was highly satisfactory to them. The sight of her proved no less so; her elegant figure and manners were very striking, and she was a sensible woman, highly accomplished, and not ambitious of shining in the gay world; she had seen enough of it to be able to appreciate its value, and view it in the light it must appear to all sensible, rational people.

Lord and Lady Warminster regretted they lived so far distant from Dryburgh Abbey, when they became acquainted with its owners; Lady Cardross they preferred as a superior character to her husband, though they allowed him to be sensible and of gentlemanly manners; but the former

had such patience and fortitude, and so much kind-hearted attention to render all happy around her; they recommended her to Miss Canning, as the mould to form herself by, but they trusted she would not have so many trials: Lord Greenwich was of more even mind, and would not agonize her with vehemence or dejection.

Lord Cardross would take his friends to his favourite haunt of Melrose Abbey. In surveying the monuments, they stopped at one, erected to a beautiful young woman, who died just before her marriage. "Here beauty fails," said Lord Cardross, "bright beauty drops her lustre here. Oh! how her roses fade, and her lilies languish in this bleak soil! How does the grand leveller pour contempt upon the charmer of all hearts! How turn to deformity what captivated the world!"

"Could the lover have a sight of his once enchanting fair one, what surprise would

seize his astonished senses!—Is this the object I not long ago so passionately admired? I said she was divinely fair, and thought her somewhat more than mortal! Her form was symmetry itself! Every elegance breathed in her air, and all the graces waited on her motions. 'Twas music when she spoke, but when she spoke encouragement, 'twas rapture. How my heart danced to those charming accents! And can that which some weeks ago was to admiration lovely, be now so insufferably loathsome? Where are these blushing cheeks? Where the coral lips? Where that ivory neck on which the curling jet in such glossy ringlets flowed? With a thousand other beauties of person, and ten thousand delicacies of action. Amazing alteration!—delusory bliss! Fondly I gazed upon the glittering meteor: it shone brightly, and I mistook it for a star, for a permanent and substantial good. But how is it fallen!—

fallen from an orb, not its own! And all that I can trace on earth, is but a putrid mass.

"Lie, poor Maria! Lie deep as thou dost, in obscure darkness: let night, with her impenetrable shades, always conceal thee. May no prying eyes be witness to thy disgrace; but let thy surviving sisters think upon thy state, when they contemplate the idol in the glass. When the pleasing image rises gracefully to the view, surrounded with a world of charms, and flushed with joy, at the consciousness of them all. Then in those minutes of temptation and danger, when vanity steals into the thoughts; then let them remember, what a veil of horror is drawn over a face which was once beautiful and brilliant as theirs. Such a reasonable reflection might regulate the labours of the toilette, and create a more earnest solicitude to *polish* the jewel than to *varnish* the casket. It might then become

their highest ambition to have the mind clothed with divine virtues; and dressed after the amiable pattern of their Redeemer's holiness.

"And would this prejudice their person, or depreciate their charms? Quite the reverse. It would spread a sort of heavenly glory over the finest set of features, and heighten the loveliness of every other engaging accomplishment. What is yet a more inviting consideration, these flowers would not wither with nature, nor be tarnished by time, but would open continually into richer beauty, and flourish even in the winter of age. But the most incomparable recommendation of the noble qualities is, that from their hallowed relics, as from the fragrant ashes of the Phœnix, will, ere long arise an illustrious form; bright as the wings of angels! lasting as the light of the new Jerusalem. The remembrance of this sad revolution shall wean me from paying

my devotion to a shrine of perishable flesh, and afraid to expect my happiness, from so transient a joy. It shall teach me not to think too highly of well-proportioned clay; though formed in the most elegant mould, and animated with the sweetest soul. 'Tis heaven's last, best, and crowning gift, to be received with gratitude, and cherished with love, as a most valuable blessing.

"Adjoining to this tomb lies the mortal remains of a son of Belial, and here the wicked lie like malefactors in a deep and strong dungeon, reserved against the day of trial. Their departure is without peace. Clouds of horror sit lowering upon their closing eye-lids; most sadly foreboding the blackness of darkness for ever. When the last sickness seizes their frame, and the inevitable change advances; when they see the fatal arrow fitting to the strings, see the deadly archer aiming at their hearts, and feel the envenomed shaft fastened in their

vitals; Great God! what fearfulness comes upon them! What horrible dread overwhelms them! How they stand shuddering and aghast upon the tremendous precipice! Excessively afraid to plunge into the tremendous abyss of eternity, yet utterly unable to maintain a station on the verge of life.

"Oh! what retrospections, what fearful prospects conspire to augment their sorrows! To look backward, horror is in the thought, sins unrepented of, mercy slighted, and the day of grace ending! To look forward nothing presents itself but the righteous Judge, the dreadful tribunal, and a most solemn reckoning; the affrighted eye rolls around on attending friends. If accomplices in debauchery, it sharpens their anguish, to consider this farther aggravation of their guilt; that they have not sinned alone, but drawn others into the snare. If religious acquaintance, it strikes a fresh an-

guish into their hearts, to think of never seeing them more, but only at an unapproaching distance, separated by the impassable gulf.

"At last the soul bursts forth in prayer. Finding no other possible way of relief, it is constrained to apply unto the Almighty. With trembling lips, and a faltering tongue, he cries unto that Sovereign Being, who kills and makes alive. But why has he so long deferred his addresses to God? Why has he despised all his counsels, and stood incorrigible under his incessant reproof? How often has he been forewarned of these terrors, and been importuned to seek the Lord, while he might be found? May he attain mercy at the eleventh hour, at the last hour. May he be snatched from the jaws, the opening, the gaping, the almost closing jaws of damnation. But, alas! who can tell if affronted Majesty will lend an ear to his complaint? Whether the Holy

One will work a miracle of grace, in behalf of such a transgressor? He may laugh at his calamity, and mock when his fear cometh.

"Thus he lies groaning out the poor remains of life; his limbs bathed in sweat, his heart struggling with convulsive throes, pains, insupportable throbbing in every pulse, and innumerable darts of agony transfixing his conscience. If this be the end of the ungodly, my soul, come not thou into their secret! Unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united! How awfully accomplished is that prediction of inspired wisdom; Sin, though seemingly sweet in the commission, yet at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder: fly therefore from the tents; oh! fly from the ways of such wretched men.

"Happy dissolution! were this the period of his woes. But alas! all these tribulations are only the beginning of sorrows; a

small drop only from that cup of trembling which is mingled for his future portion. No sooner has the last pang dislodged his reluctant soul, than he is hurried into the presence of an injured, angry God. Not under the conducting care of beneficent angels; but exposed to the insults of accursed spirits, who lately *tempted* him, now *upbraid* him, and will for ever *torment* him. Who can imagine his confusion and distress, when he stands guilty and inexcusable before his incensed Creator! He is received with frowns. The God that made him has no mercy on him. The Prince of Peace rejects him with abhorrence. He consigns him over to chains of darkness, and receptacles of despair, against the severer doom and more public infamy of the great day. Then all the vials of wrath will be emptied upon his wretched head. The law he has violated, and the gospel he has slighted; the power he has defied, and the goodness he has

abused, will all get themselves honour in his exemplary destruction. Then God, the God to whom vengeance belongeth, will draw the arrow to the very head, and set him as the mark of his inexorable displeasure.

"Resurrection will be no privilege to him; but immortality itself, his everlasting curse. Would he not bless the grave, that land where all things are forgotten, and wish to lie eternally hid in its deepest gloom? But the dust refuses to conceal his person, or to draw a veil over his practices. He must also awake; must arise; must appear at the bar, and meet the Judge. A Judge before whom the pillars of heaven tremble, and the earth melts away. A Judge once long-suffering, and very compassionate, but now unalterably determined to teach stubborn offenders, what it is to provoke the omnipotent Godhead; what it is to trample upon the blood of his Son; and offer des-

pite to all the gracious overtures of the Spirit. Oh! the perplexity! the distraction! that must seize the impenitent rebel when he is summoned to the great tribunal! What will he do in this severe day of final decision? Where, how? Whence can he find help? To which of the saints will he turn? Whither betake himself for shelter or succour? Alas, 'tis all in vain! 'tis all too late! Friends and acquaintance know him no more. Men and angels abandon him to his approaching doom; even the Mediator, the Mediator himself deserts him in this dreadful hour. To fly will be impracticable; to justify himself still more impossible; and now to make any supplications, utterly unavailing.

"Behold the books are opened; the secrets of all hearts are disclosed. The hidden things of darkness are brought to light, How empty, how ineffectual now are all those refined artifices with which hypocrites

imposed upon their fellow-creatures, and preserved a character in the sight of men! The jealous God, who has been about their paths and about their bed, and spied out all their ways, sets before them the things they have done. They cannot answer him one in a thousand, nor stand in the awful judgment. The heavens reveal their iniquities, and the earth riseth up against them. They are speechless with guilt, and stigmatized with infamy, before all the armies of the sky, and all the nations of the redeemed. What a favour would they esteem it, to hide their ashamed heads in the bottom of the ocean; or even to be buried beneath the ruins of the tottering world!

"If the contempt poured upon them be thus insupportable, how will their hearts endure, when the sword of infinite indignation is unsheathed, and fiercely waved around the defenceless heads, or pointed directly at the naked breast? How must

the wretches scream with wild amazement, and rend the very heavens with their cries, when the right-aiming thunderbolts go abroad! go abroad with a dreadful commission, to drive them from the kingdom of glory, and plunge them—not into the sorrows of a moment, or the tortures of an hour—but into all the restless agonies of unquenchable fire, and everlasting despair!

"Misery of miseries! too shocking for reflection to dwell upon. But if so dismal to foresee, and that at a distance; together with some comfortable hope of escaping it—oh! how bitter! inconceivably bitter to bear, without any intermission, or any mitigation, through hopeless and eternal ages.

"Who has any bowels of pity? Who has any sentiments of compassion? Who has any concern for an immortal soul?—Who? In God's name, and for Christ's sake, let him shew it, by warning every man, and beseeching every man, to seek the Lord

while he may be found. To throw down the arms of rebellion, before the act of indemnity expires—submissively to adore the Lamb while he holds out the golden sceptre. Here, let us act the friendly part to mankind—here let the whole force of our benevolence exert itself, in exhorting relations, acquaintances, neighbours, whomsoever we may probably influence, to take the wings of faith unfeigned, of repentance undelayed, and flee away from the wrath to come.

"Wonder, O man!—be lost in admiration at those prodigious events which are coming upon the universe. Events, the greatness of which nothing finite can measure. Events, Lord Jesus! prepare us for their approach—defend us when they take place. Events big with the everlasting fates of all the living and all the dead. I must see the graves cleaving, the sea teeming, and swarms unsuspected, crowds unnumbered—yea, multitudes of thronging nations

rising from both. I must see the world in flames—must stand at the dissolution of all terrestrial things, and be an attendant on the burial of nature. I must see the vast expanse of the sky wrapt up like a scroll; and the incarnate God issuing forth from light inaccessible, with ten thousand angels, to judge both men and devils. I must see the curtain of time drop—see all eternity disclosed to view, and enter upon a state of being that will never, never have an end.

"And ought I not—ought I not to try the sincerity of my faith, and take heed to my ways? Is there an inquiry? is there a case, of greater, of equal, or comparable importance?—Is not this an infinitely pressing call, to see that my loins are girded, my lamp trimmed, and myself dressed for the Bridegroom's appearance? That washed in the fountain, opened in my Saviour's side, and clad with the marriage-garment, wove by his obedience, I may be found in peace,

unblameable and unreprovable. Otherwise how shall I stand with boldness, when the stars of heaven fall from their orbs? How shall I come forth erect and courageous, when the earth itself reels to and fro like a drunken man? How shall I look up with joy, and see my salvation drawing nigh; when the hearts of millions and millions fail for fear?

"The righteous seems to lie by, in the bosom of the earth, as a wary pilot in some well-sheltered creek, till all the storms which infest this lower world are blown over. Here they enjoy safe anchorage; are in no danger of foundering amidst the waves of prevailing iniquity, or of being shipwrecked on the rocks of any powerful temptation: but ere long we shall behold them hoisting the flag of hope, riding before a sweet gale of atoning merit, and redeeming love, till they make, with all the sails of an assured faith, the blessed port of eternal

life. And may we all, rich in good works, rich in heavenly tempers, but inexpressibly richer in our Saviour's righteousness; oh! may we enter the harbour, and rest together in the blissful haven of perfect security and everlasting repose*."

Lord Cardross had a peculiar talent for pouring forth an irresistible torrent of eloquence, with unabated force and energy. Whilst he stood by the monuments, describing the mouldering state of beauty, and the anguish and horrors of the wicked, he seemed almost more than mortal: all his auditors were forcibly struck with his descriptions; none more so than his wife; she could duly appreciate all the valuable part of his character, and feel heavenly pity where the weakness of human nature prevailed; she felt a strong pride in being the wife of a man endowed with such superior talents; and although her mind had mortifica-

* Taken from Hervey's Meditations.

tions when she perceived she was not the first beloved of his heart; and she felt sympathy for the deep dejection that sometimes overwhelmed him; yet she esteemed herself a happy wife; and when she looked round the world, she found cause to be thankful to Heaven her lot had been so fortunate.

The stately structure of Melrose Abbey, always seemed to lift Lord Cardross above mortality: he would not suffer the party to quit it, till the last rays of a glowing resplendent sun-set, fervid as the imagination of Claude Lorraine, had gilded the lofty arches. The moon was now at the full, and they must stay to see the different effect of the rays of the sun and moon, illuminating the beautiful structure: the evening was calm, and secure, and Luna rose full orbed in brightest majesty; it was a scene to please all people of taste; how did Lord Cardross look round with pleasure on all, and with exultation on the building! "Once,

Isabella," he softly said to his wife, "I thought Heaven had no more such raptures in store for me, as I now feel, in this favourite spot. The sum of my earthly blessings seemed then closed: the world presented nought but a dreary void to my aching sight. You draw a veil over my weakness, and exult in my virtues, like a pitying angel. I can never feel too grateful to Heaven for its mercies to me. I might have been lost, I should have been lost; pitying friends have soothed and restored me: let me repay the debt of gratitude with thankful joy, and unbounded love: and God grant it may ever be my endeavour to make those around me happy."

CHAPTER IV.

Let us in bonds of lasting peace unite,
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

THE happy day arrived that united Lord Greenwich and Miss Canning. Lord and Lady Warminster, and Lord and Lady Cardross, attended them to the altar, and trusted they had witnessed the union of a happy domestic pair, who would do credit to their high situation in life. Lord Cardross said to the bridegroom, "May you be happy as myself, and you will have reason to feel thankful for your lot in life; I consider my wife as Heaven's best gift to me." Lord Warminster said, "I can only wish you to be happy as myself, and you will experience

a large share of domestic felicity: I have much gratitude due to Heaven, for the happiness I have experienced in my wife and children; I have lived without suffering any severe domestic calamity, or disgrace; and when I look round the world at the lot of my fellow-mortals, I feel unbounded gratitude for such blessings. You, I hope, my son, are bringing another blessing amongst us."

The day was spent in the good old style of English hospitality. The tenantry were assembled in the park, and regaled with roast beef and plum-pudding, and a moderate allowance of ale; excess all endeavours were taken to guard against, that they should rejoice as human beings, not as brutes: a pipe and tabor was provided for dancing, and the merry dance, kept up with spirit, preserved them from broils and quarrels. So well was the feast conducted, it ended without drunkenness or fighting. The servants had their decent mirth of a good

dinner, and a dance in the evening. A bonfire, and some fireworks, were allowed on the lawn, in front of the abbey: the glow of the fire on the fine old towers had a fine and picturesque effect to the company in the drawing-room, who saw, with pleasure, the decent mirth reigning around them.

"Marriage was instituted in heaven," said Lord Cardross. "I do, indeed, feel it is the only way to obtain a heaven upon earth: the satisfaction I now feel, I thought never to have felt on this side of heaven: what selfish unfeeling mortals are old bachelors! their penance is voluntary; poor old maidens are forced, by their cruelty, upon the forlorn state of cheerless celibacy; that it is makes them so full of gall and bitterness, that it is not their *choice*, but dire *necessity*."

Lord Warminster said, "You owe us something for bringing us to spend this festival away from our home; we old-fashioned

people like to have our marriages kept at home: the only way, my Lord, you can repay us, is to keep the rejoicings on the birth of your heir at Massingham Hall; let the christening be celebrated there." That was consented to: the young Lord Nawark, it was settled, should be made a christian at the Earl of Warminster's favourite old mansion. The only vanity we have, said the old Earl, is an immense quantity of fine old plate I inherit from two earldoms; that I keep as it is; I neither add to it, nor diminish from it, nor alter it: as it came to me, so it remains. Two gentlemen who came to visit at Massingham Hall, were so struck with this profusion of plate, one said, "He was sure it was impossible to call for any thing in the house that was not in plate:" the other made a bet of this, and thought he could imagine a want must win his wager, and he called for a boot-jack;

but to his inexpressible mortification a silver boot-jack was instantly brought.

"You have not had a needy heir in your house," said Lord Cardross, or such articles of superfluous plate would, doubtless, have been made away with." "We are neither extravagant or needy," said Lord Greenwich,

'Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
We keep the peaceful tenour of our way.'

And the peaceful is the happy way of life. My bride is not introduced into a family torn by feuds and factions; we are a happy society. In our invitations to Massingham Hall, we may say,

'Come see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.'"

The time was now arrived for the marriage of Lord de Courcy, and Jemima de Grey. Lord and Lady Cardross were already blessed with embracing in their

arms their first-born, Lord Nawark, a healthy, smiling babe, whose cherub face seemed to have chased from the heart and the brow of his happy father every melancholy dejected feeling, and to bestow upon his mother that serenity of mind she endeavoured to diffuse on all around her. Lord and Lady Cardross might truly be called a happy couple; they loved and respected each other: excursive fancy no longer led captive the mind of the former; he lived devoted to the pursuits of social life. He looked around, and behold every thing was very good, and he thankfully acknowledged he felt gratitude for his blessings. Oh! that the eyes of mortals could see as he saw, and not be the prey of pining and discontent! never satisfied with the bounty of Heaven, and the blessings within their reach; but always with "Some craving void left aching in their breast," that refuses to be

content, or grateful; coveting their neighbours' goods, never pleased with their own.

Lord and Lady Cardross made it their particular request to be present at the nuptials of Jemima: they had not often met since the marriage of the former, but he was confident he could stand the scene unshaken. They came to Hulne Abbey, and the sight of them afforded real satisfaction to the family there. To look back to the time when Isabella set out from Kyloe to travel with Sir Robert and Jemima; and Lord Cardross, when he was the picture of woe, singing

'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,'

who could suppose them the same beings? Serene satisfaction beamed on the countenances of both: it was evident to see they felt a sincere affection for each other; and were no longer supposing earth had no joys

for them. They were cordially welcomed at Hulne Abbey by the happy party there, who rejoiced that these friends could, from their hearts, partake of their happiness.

Jemima and Lord de Courcy seemed blessed above the lot of mortality; the world presented a smiling aspect to them; each had a plentiful fortune, and dealt out with a liberal hand of the bounty of Heaven to their poor dependants. They lived away from what too often proves the vortex of vice, for the high-born and affluent. Lord de Courcy ran no hazard in the society he kept, of sharpers and gamblers; nor was Jemima in danger of being led into boundless dissipation and extravagance; she felt no ambition to go beyond her neighbours in dress and entertainments; every thing was plentiful and good at the Abbey; but the four quarters of the world were not ransacked for dainties, or nature forced to excess for all kinds of productions out of

season; nor were shops emptied, or neighbours' plate borrowed to make an ostentatious display of plate not their own.

On the day appointed for the nuptials of his daughter, Sir Robert de Grey had tents erected in Hulne Park, by the side of the river, for regaling the tenantry; oxen and sheep roasted whole he did not allow, it only caused confusion and waste; oxen and sheep were slaughtered for the hospitable board, and served up in joints with a plentiful proportion of plum-pudding; excellent ale was given out in moderation from the cellar, drunkenness was strictly prohibited, and so well did the steward and butler discharge their duty, each one had plenty, and no one gorged to excess in eating and drinking; the fragments were distributed amongst the poorest of the cottagers. Sir Robert, in imitation of his Divine Master, saying,—"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." Hulne Park presented a

beautiful scene on this day; the number of tents pitched in various directions, the happy groups of the aged, those in the meridian of life, and those just entering into the world, scattered about, diverting themselves in various ways; the deer, the cattle, the various tints of foliage, from the dark yew shaded down to the delicate lime, formed a *tout-ensemble* for a picturesque eye, and a benevolent heart, to view with rapture.

Lord Cardross loved such a scene, and spent some time walking about, conversing with the happy villagers, and hearing their grateful praises of their benefactors. Sir Robert they extolled as the best of landlords, my lady had always been the best of ladies to poor folk, and young madam, to be sure never nothing was equal to; though she was the biggest beauty in the whole country, she was quite as good as she was handsome, never nothing was equal to her; she had ordered tea and muffins from the house-

keeper's room to be sent to the old women in the alms-houses, beautiful muffins and beautiful butter fit for the best lord in the land, and all the maid-servants she had given new gowns to.

"How many happy hearts can one good person make," said Lord Cardross, "What a blessing is such a man of fortune to his neighbourhood; he might have broke his wife's heart, have made his daughter miserable for life, have quarrelled with his neighbours, and oppressed his tenants; but Sir Robert is a Christian, not in words, but in deeds; he does unto all men as he would they should do unto him; to do good, and to distribute he never omits; he is true and just in all his dealings, and hurts nobody in *word* or *deed*; he is a monitor, and example for the young; he will never have to answer for being the cause of sin in others; but the advantage of his society will save many from becoming the votaries of vice.

Riches are a blessing, or a snare, as they are used. Sir Robert will purchase a crown of glory with his; when he dies he will close his eyes on weeping friends, and be received by angels, who will wing their way to the city of the living God, while a voice sweeter than music in her softest strains, congratulates their arrival, and bespeaks their admission, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, that the heir of glory may enter in.' Had his life been the reverse of what it is, it might have been, 'the rich man died, and was buried, and in hell he lift up his eyes.' The poor as they pass by the grave of this excellent man, will thankfully acknowledge, there lies the man whose unwearied kindness was the constant relief of my various distresses; who tenderly visited my languishing bed, and readily supplied my indigent circumstances. How often were his counsels a guide to my perplexed

thoughts, and a cordial to my dejected spirits! 'Tis owing to God's blessing, on his reasonable charities and prudent consolations, that I now live, and live in comfort. His friends may say, 'There are the last remains of that sincere friend, who watched for my soul; I can never forget with what heedless gaiety I was posting on in the paths of perdition; and I tremble to think into what irretrievable ruin I might quickly have been plunged, had not his faithful admonitions arrested me in the wild career; I was unacquainted with the gospel of peace, and had no concern for its unsearchable treasures; but now, enlightened by his instructive conversation, I see the all-sufficiency of my Saviour; and animated by his repeated exhortations, I count all things but loss, that I may win Christ. Methinks his discourses seasoned with religion, and set home by the divine Spirit, still tingles in my ears, are still

warm on my heart; and I trust, will be more and more effective, till we meet each other in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"The only infallible way of immortalizing our characters, a way equally open to the meanest and most exalted fortune is, to make our calling and election sure, to gain some sweet evidence, that our names are written in heaven. Then, however, they may be disregarded, or forgotten among men; they will not fail to be had, in everlasting remembrance, before the Lord.—This is of all distinctions, far the noblest.—Ambition, be this thy object; and every page of Scripture will sanctify thy passion; even grace itself will fan thy flame. As to earthly memorials, yet a little while, and they are all obliterated. When a flight of years has mouldered the triumphal column into dust, when the brazen statue perishes under the corroding hand of time, these

honours still continue, still are blooming and uncorruptible in the world of glory*."

Let it not be thought uncharacteristic, for Lord Cardross to have pronounced the funeral oration of Sir Robert de Grey upon his daughter's wedding-day, that it is mixing "dirge with marriage;" such reflections are meet for all seasons and occasions; and a heart so feeling as that of Lord Cardross, will always be overflowing with love and gratitude to such a benefactor.

Lord de Courcy led his lovely bride to the altar, with her father on her left hand: Lord and Lady Cardross followed; Jemima did not faint, or scream, or cry, as some have thought necessary, to shew their excess of delicacy and purity. The service was read with solemnity, and seemed

* Taken from Hervey's Meditations.

particularly impressive upon the whole party; when the ceremony was concluded, Sir Robert embraced his daughter, and said, "Be you happy, as I have ever endeavoured to make you; and may the husband of your choice constitute your happiness on earth, and lead you to a blessed eternity." Lord Cardross was going to address her, but the solemnity of Sir Robert's address to his daughter brought the tears into his eyes, and he feared to trust his voice with speaking. Lady Cardross said to her, "My friend, I feel indebted to you for a very happy lot in life; be happy as you are deserving, and you will possess more than the felicity of mortals."

The happy pair looked as if they were already in heaven; the smiles of angels seemed to beam on their countenances. Never had Jemima herself looked so handsome. Lord Cardross feared to trust his eyes in looking at her; he found his heart

would still beat when he beheld her amazing loveliness, and he checked his eyes from gazing on her.

Prudhoe Castle was fixed upon as the residence of the happy pair; Lord de Courcy left that point solely to the decision of Sir Robert and Jemima. Sir Robert was too noble-minded to take advantage of his generosity: he would not alienate him from the seat of his ancestors; nor would he be the constant attendant on his daughter, as Lord de Courcy requested; he was happy the two houses were so near, and he would not allow Lord de Courcy to give up his own home, or consent to be an alien from his. "I can bear," he said, "occasional solitude, in my vast old Abbey, without being driven to seek a refuge with some grimalkin, to hold learned disputations with me: when the life of a recluse becomes insupportable to me my four long-tailed blacks will soon transfer me to Prudhoe Castle.

You will sooner chase away the black dog than that old hag Molly Frost."

Lady de Courcy made her bridal appearance at the music meeting at Newcastle, and great was the admiration she excited: her diamonds were splendid, being the union of the sets, of two houses; but it was the general opinion of the gentlemen, that her eyes shone more resplendent than her diamonds: and her rich laces rather received ornament from the lovely wearer, than conferred any additional lustre on her beauty: and her sweet manners had a charm that ensured her admiration, when the present lustre and brilliancy of her beauty was faded. "She must ever please, be ever new," said Lord de Courcy, as he looked with rapture on his bride, and then with grateful affection on her father; "you have bestowed on her lasting charms, Sir Robert," he said; "she is not a meteor that will awhile be great, and when beauty fails,

be a senseless block; she will charm to eternity: her mind has beauties that can never fade."

Sir Robert rarely spoke of his wife, but he now said, "You experience a rapture, De Courcy, I never did. I suffered myself to be persuaded into a match, by an officious friend, which my heart had no share in; the joys of wedded love I never felt; and never do we approach so near the joys of heaven, as with such a partner of the heart as you now possess. That dear girl has been my all of happiness; from her birth she was my idol; every year has added to my happiness in her. I now shall go down to my grave in peace, whenever it pleases Heaven to call me, assured I have left her with a kind protector. What ought to be the feelings of parents who force their children into hateful marriages, for the sake of making them rich, or of rank: and how ill riches and titles will con-

ceal an unhappy heart we daily witness in the gay world. And such parents should hold themselves accountable for all the ill conduct of their children. How my heart abhors to see mothers attempting to thrust their daughters on all they see; I only look upon them as bawds, and wish they were equally hunted from society.

"We have the happiness to have three very happy couples in our nearest connexions. Cardross is now a happy mortal with his wife and child, and diffuses happiness around him, instead of being devoured with the blackest melancholy. Lord and Lady Greenwich are an ornament to the state, and worthy scions of the respectable root from whence they sprang. I hope it will induce those who witness their happiness "to go and do likewise."

Lord de Courcy took his bride up to London the following winter, and requested Sir Robert de Grey to be the companion of

their journey, and their inmate in town; that request Sir Robert gladly complied with. Jemima had never been in London, nor much in the way of dissipated society; and he wished her to have more than her husband, to accompany her in so trying a scene; but he would not have intruded himself into the party.

Lady de Courcy shone confessed the most brilliant beauty of the court; paint and rouge could not stand in competition with the clear red and white of nature. It was hoped by some who had heard of this northern star coming to eclipse the reigning beauties, that she was a wild, unbroken colt, from the Northumbrian mountains; from whom nothing was to be feared: but when she entered the drawing-room with graceful ease, and danced the most elegant minuet, they did, indeed, find she was a formidable rival; and gentlemen flocked around her, to pay court to this new idol.

I suppose Lady de Courcy must be the fashion for the winter, was said: I hope she will give brilliant assemblies. Lady Glastonbury, who was declining into the wane of her charms, thought she would gain some eclat for herself, by bringing out this new beauty, and initiating her into the ways of the gay world; so she made up to Sir Robert, whilst the gentlemen were buzzing round Lady de Courcy, and complimented him upon his beautiful daughter; and said, she would want some person, acquainted with high life, to bring her forward in the great world; she should be happy to take her ladyship under her wing: she was going to give a grand masquerade next week, and hoped Lord and Lady de Courcy would assume characters at it. Sir Robert would neither accept nor decline the invitation for them; but left them to decide for themselves. They were some time undecided if they would go; but as Sir Robert

gave no opinion, and said he would go if they wished it, Lord de Courcy determined for going to this motley scene with his bride.

Was Lady de Courcy to go in character? "Yes," said Sir Robert, "she shall go as Lady Priory; I will be Lord Priory, you shall be Bronzeley: it was determined upon. "Lovely shone the northern star," in her simple dress of Lady Priory: her delighted father said, "If I had not been in love with you before, I should now in your simple unadorned loveliness: you will rival all the sultanas." The dress of Lady Priory set off a fine figure, and she walked stately into the motley crowd: there was a grace and dignity in all her actions, that had she gone in the guise of a beggar, would have shewn her to be of superior birth.

All eyes were soon turned upon this lovely form: an old dienna followed her close about: "I smoke an old maid in that

duenna," said Sir Robert to his daughter; "she is following you to watch if you are guilty of any *faux pas*." Lady Priory kept hold of the arm of her lord, and the vain and fantastic dared not approach her; there was an awful dignity about Sir Robert, which always kept the frivolous at a distance. Bronzeley began to be gay and airy; then he paid serious attention to Lady Priory; and when he became the importunate lover, she calmly took out her knitting, and seating herself, sat for some time knitting a stocking; this was a new sight for the gay world: to see a woman of quality able to knit was an uncommon sight; and she looked so graceful and dignified, the most gay and voluptuous could not withhold their admiration. "What nonsense to go and look at a woman knitting," said some of the deserted fair ones; "I never saw any thing so ridiculous as knitting at a masquerade," said the ignorant, who did not know

Lady Priory was acting in character: the fair knitter knit all hearts; for none were followed this evening but Lady de Courcy. Minervas *without sense*; Nuns *without chastity*; Quakers *in a state of inebriety*; and *homely* Venuses, in vain tried to gain attention; their tricks were vain, for Lady Priory was the fashion, and where she led there the crowd followed.

Sir Robert was not displeased at this universal attention, for it enabled him to judge how his daughter prized it: she was calm and unmoved at admiration, as the character she was acting: to be Lady Priory was not acting with her. Perhaps this might be called one of the proudest moments of Sir Robert's life; his daughter was brought to the fiery ordeal, and she proved pure gold. Many masks came up to Sir Robert, and said, "Lord Priory, matrimony would be brought into fashion if men could find wives like yours." "To

find them," said Sir Robert, "they must search;—who can find a virtuous woman? you must not look for her in the vortex of dissipation, but in the houses of the virtuous: I sought my wife on the Northumbrian mountains, and she is far beyond price: *seek* for a wife; do not take those whom their parents *thrust* on you: still less those who *thrust themselves* upon you; and when you have got an amiable wife cherish her as your heart's best treasure: be not indifferent to her love, and guard her from evil company."

A great personage was much struck with the fine form, and pleasing manners of Lady Priory; he addressed her, and stood some time in conversation with her: the more he talked the more he was captivated. Sir Robert was so anxious to see how far vanity swayed in her heart, that he left her; and went with Lord de Courcy to a little distance, but where they could keep their

eyes on her. The young lion, when he found the field left clear for him, thought her connexions meant to favour his advances, to gain some ends with him; so he thought he would gain his own ends first, and became the importunate lover. Lady Priory would not then keep to her knitting; but she was calm and composed to the incense of flattery from exalted rank: her admirer was eager to see her face, and importuned her much to unmask: that she calmly denied; but the royal lover resolving to leave nothing unessayed to gain his point, and supposing royalty kneeling, could not be refused: he knelt to her to unmask. The impertinent throng dared not press round, and intrude upon a lover of such exalted rank, yet kept their eyes eagerly fixed upon the scene. What a mortification to the rest of the females! In vain did they tell the gentlemen of their superior attractions; the beaux turned a

deaf ear. Lady de Courcy was so much distressed with her kneeling lover, and having all eyes fixed on her, that she kept looking to her husband and father, to come to her: Lord de Courcy begged of Sir Robert to go to her; you can be her knight-errant with more propriety than myself. I will go and look for the carriage; for I am sure she will be glad to get home. Lord Priory went up, and claimed his wife. She gladly arose, and took his arm, her kneeling lover in vain tried to detain her, and at last said with some anger, "It is the first time I every sued in vain: that is a second Lucretia."

Lord de Courcy soon returned, and the carriage being ready, Jemima gladly took hold of his arm, and left the room with her husband and father.

The evening proved highly satisfactory to Sir Robert; he was gratified with the attention and admiration his daughter met

with; and charmed to see the calm indifference with which she received it. There never seemed a moment of giddiness or levity about her; yet she was lively: she could enjoy society; be not insensible she was admired, yet it had no improper effect upon her. Lord de Courcy was as fondly loved as before she had beheld royalty kneeling at her feet.

When Lord de Courcy and Sir Robert de Grey were alone, the latter said, "I trust you have an invaluable wife. I watch every action of Jemima, but I can see no impropriety in her. She never was a giddy girl; she seemed to wish for no society beyond my own: her being always with me has given her a solidity beyond her years: she has been exemplary as a daughter, and I firmly trust, will be so as a wife and mother: when she comes to assume the latter character, it will add still more to her solidity: you will not find her wanting journeys

to London: her migrations will be confined to visits between Hulne Abbey and Prudhoe Castle."

Lady Glastonbury did not like to give up initiating Lady de Courcy into fashionable life; and she proposed a party to the opera; this was more in unison with the taste of Jemima than the masquerade; she was very fond of music. Lady Glastonbury, like a skilful general, who knew how to range her forces, set Lady de Courcy in the front seat: this was soon observed, and brought the young noblesse into the box. Lady Glastonbury's box was the fashion for the evening; her ladyship felt ground young again; she had not for some years had such an assemblage of fashion in her box. Look at the Glastonbury, how she is surrounded! was the exclamation; the Glastonbury thorn blooms in the winter of her days. The witty Mr. Bayard instantly wrote—

Cosmelia's charms inspire my lays,
Who fair in nature's scorn;
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.

If e'er, impatient of the bliss,
Into her arms you fall;
The plastered fair returns the kiss,
Like Thisbe, through a wall.

Lady de Courcy paid more attention to the music than to the flattery of the beaux. She gladly resigned all their incense to Lady Glastonbury. "That dear insensible," said her ladyship, "does not seem to know she is handsome. She receives compliments with such frigid indifference. I would have half the town in my train, had I her youth and beauty: and so fine a dancer as she is, and such a figure, she might waltz so delightfully; and there is no getting her to dance a waltz. I should make the town go mad, had I her attractions: and I do not

hear she is going to amuse us with any grand entertainments; with her fortune, I would out-do every body in the grandeur of my house, and galas. I should pride myself in shewing how unrivalled I was.—But she seems to care for nothing but her husband and father." Sir Robert overheard this harangue of Lady Glastonbury, and felt much gratified by it: it was what he wished his daughter to be.

Lady de Courcy went again to the drawing-room, and was much noticed by the first personages in the kingdom: an exalted female always took pleasure in distinguishing exemplary wives, and she felt much interested by the beautiful person and fascinating manners of Jemima. This was a family to interest the heart of the father of his kingdom. Sir Robert de Grey was the character he wished all the men of fortune to be, and Lord and Lady de Courcy were a couple to interest the hearts of all amiable cha-

racters. The high personage said to Sir Robert, he wished their seats were nearer to the metropolis, that he might have the pleasure of visiting them, and seeing such well-managed estates.

Some attempts were made by male and female gamblers to draw Lord and Lady de Courcy in to join their parties: Lord de Courcy refused to be a member of any club, and his Lady was equally resolute in refusing all invitations to play. She totally declined cards, to avoid all hazard of being drawn on to engage in high play. She was a regular attendant upon the concert of ancient music. Oratorios she was fond of, and patronised most of the benefit concerts, and rarely missed going to the opera once a week. But whenever she went into public, she went for the sake of the entertainment, not to be seen and admired. Dancing she began to decline, for she was now in a situation it was not a proper exertion for

her; and unlike the heroines of the day, she did not sacrifice her infant child, to the pleasures of a dance.

Lady de Courcy saw enough of the fashionable world to be able to form a due estimate of the value of their friendship: she felt shocked at the duplicity of those, who will be so delighted with their acquaintance whilst they are in the room; and the moment they are gone, they are pulled to pieces, and nothing too bad to be said of them. At a morning visit she made, two ladies and a child came in: the family they came to see were in such raptures with the sight of them: Lady de Courcy concluded they were near relations. 'Come and kiss me, my dear Frederick,' was said to the child. 'It is the sweetest boy that ever was seen: my dear creatures,' was said to the ladies, 'why do not you treat us oftener with your company? you know we are always so happy to see you.' I was in such hopes to have

met you at the Countess of Raffles' last night, it was such a grand and magnificent entertainment; the most brilliant display of plate I have seen a long time. "Well it might be," said Mrs. Monckton, "for she had emptied Rundell's shop, and borrowed the Earl of Sunbury's grand service of plate." "Well to be sure," said Mrs. Dingley, "I did wonder Lady Raffle could afford such a display of plate; but I supposed she had made a good thing of some young nobleman. Lady Julia Dice was affected to be set up as the beauty of the room; but I think nothing of her: she makes up well, is all you can say—but if you were to see her just come out of the warm bath, she is *bien autre chose*, a figure without shape, till she has got her false neck on, and her stiff stays to draw her right, and till the red and white are put on, she is brown as a berry; and till the light brown hair waves around her face, her own black locks are frightful to

beholds and with the help of Miss Stewart's drapery, I must own, she is rather an imposing figure. But did you hear of that odious woman Mrs.——? Fanny, my love, what is her name? I always forget her odious name." "Malt, I believe," said Miss Dingley. "Aye, that odious woman Mrs. Malt; she is playing every day for her daily bread. I had much rather enter into a subscription for her of half-a-crown a-year, than play with her. That odious woman revoked, and notwithstanding won the rubber—and though she did not cut out she would go away with her ill-gotten wealth. I was obliged to play out of my turn, and lost the rubber. I wish such odious people would stay at home—I was in such a hurry to get away, I was so provoked, and my blockhead of a coachman was so long coming, and I said to the servant: 'for God's sake tell me when my

carriage comes!'—I did make my escape at last."

"Have you heard," said Lady Bertram, "of the wedding that has taken place this morning?" "What!" said Mrs. Dingley, "is that old fool Rippengale, married again?" "No, no," said Lady Bertram, "not quite so bad as that, only the gay widow Banham, in all the bloom of seventy, married to her steward. We may say in the antediluvian language, 'she is now a young girl of seventy.' Poor woman, she was forced into her first marriage, and a wearisome life she led with old Banham—she now can, and does, please herself. Mrs. Dingley, you are a decided foe to second marriages—have you heard of another widow just married?" "What, Mrs. Negus, I suppose," said Mrs. Dingley, "an old fool!—I hope her husband will beat her. There, she married that odious old wretch,

her husband, for the sake of a maintenance, and settlement, and she was plagued with him twenty years; and now she is a widow, and might enjoy herself, she cannot be easy without another husband, as her first husband was forty years older than herself. I suppose she has now got one forty years younger." "I love to set you upon a philippic against widows' matches," said Lady Bertram; "but you have not hit the right nail upon the head now—Mrs. Negus is Mrs. Negus still, and I think will be so till the end of the chapter. But what think you of the gay widow Garrett, with a handsome young husband?" "What! that skinny old devil? He will set her fortune flying at a fine rate—she must die in an hospital or work-house. I always thought her a great fool; but I did not think she would come to this. The gentleman, I believe," said Lady Bertram, "is not free from incumbrances—a mistress and four children I

hear of, and a few thousands of debt. 'All for love, or the world well lost,' is her motto. But to have done with weddings, I have a melancholy piece of news to tell you: the Hon. Mrs. Lymington died this morning." "You do not say so!" said Mrs. Dingley, "is it certainly true? Poor woman! I am vastly concerned for her—I had no idea she was in danger—I am so grieved: but, to be sure, we cannot wonder—she made very free with herself—she drank to excess brandy of a morning." "Is that really true?" said Lady Bertram. "Past a doubt," said Mrs. Dingley, "all her *friends* say so." "Better hold their tongues," thought Lady de Courcy; "if that is the province of friends to proclaim faults, deliver me from friends!"

"How beautiful did, dear, sweet Mrs. Robinson look last night!" said Lady Bertram; all the men flock so about her, and she has no conceit or affectation; always

so good-humoured; but she has all her life been so admired, and she is so accomplished; the finest dancer I ever saw, and such beautiful feet and legs; I wonder she does not wear shorter petticoats." "If she cuts her petticoats shorter," said Mrs. Dingley, "I hope she will sew the pieces on to the top of her dress, for her neck you may call nature displayed: and its only like bad-coloured *blanc mange*. I see no beauty in such exhibitions—she ought to remember what Dr. Gregory says: he advises his daughters to cover up their neck in policy, as well as for decency's sake—he says imagination goes beyond nature. The finest bosom ever formed is not so beautiful as it will be supposed, whilst *kept concealed*. I have no patience with Mrs. Robinson. I am sure she is not less than sixty, and she is waltzing away like a girl. I have no notion of a grand-mother skipping about. What business has an old

woman with dancing?" "My dear Mrs. Dingley," said Lady Bertram, "Mrs. Robinson is *bien obligé* to you for ten good years at least; look at her child of two years old; you make her quite a Joanna Southcott." "Oh! little Miss, I beg her pardon!" said Mrs. Dingley, "I had forgot her—well, perhaps she is only fifty!" "The fashionable age, my dear friend," said Lady Bertram, "no woman is worth looking at till fifty; none but silly boys value them under: remember *Ninon de l'Enclos;* dear Mrs. Robinson has thirty years to look forward to, to shine as a beauty; she bears her honours with so much humility, I never can grudge her admiration. Did you hear East Indians speak of her on her first arrival in Bengal, you would hear raptures. There was beauty, accomplishments, and such fascination of manners —none could resist the dear charmer; and after glittering awhile there, she came back

to England, and won all the hearts, and turned all the heads. You may depend upon it, Mrs. Dingley, and had better make up your mind to endure it; Mrs. Robinson will lead men in her chains as long as she lives. When her grand-daughter comes out, I doubt her being so much admired as grandmamma." "Well, then," said Mrs. Dingley, "I think you may call it the farce of my grand-mother—all the men are become vapours." "Why, my good Mrs. Dingley, what nobleman's mistress is under fifty?—Look to royalty! what age do they choose? There is the Duke of ———, and Lord ———, not one of their *chère amies* under fifty. You are thinking of old-fashioned days, when a woman of fifty thought it etiquette to wear spectacles, and walk with a stick, and dress like an old woman! that system is quite exploded. Now-a-days, from eighteen to five-and-twenty, a girl is well enough for silly boys or old men. From

five-and-twenty to forty she is laid by on the shelf; nobody minds her. At forty she has her second eclat, and continues the fashion, for all ages, to an undefined period. I have not heard of conquests made at a later period than eighty."

"In your first period of beauty, then, Lady Bertram," said Mrs. Dingley, "we may say women acquire the way to *win him*, in the second, the way to *keep him*." "A good definition, Mrs. Dingley," said Lady Bertram, "and remember, at the same time, the way to *keep* him, is a much harder task than the way to *win* him: that still makes for my hypothesis, that, after forty, is the great eclat, and most fascinating age. Remember, Mr. Barnsley, he never could endure his wife's sister till she was turned of forty, and then would have given half his fortune to marry her: 'dear Dolly, he would say, while she was dancing away like a girl; look at dear Dolly,

how young, and lively she is, and superior to all the girls in the room.' A woman takes pains to please at a certain period: at first coming out, she is all airs, and affectation; thinking men in duty bound to adore her: when time has matured her judgment, she thinks it worth while to take pains to please.

'Oh! how pleasing, 'tis to please;'

she will then find to be the case: green girls—I can assure you, my good friend, are quite out of fashion."

"Was Lady Prestonfield at Mrs. Buchanan's last night?" said Mrs. Dingley. "Beautiful Lady Prestonfield!" said Lady Bertram, "yes, she was there, and looked lovely indeed; she is so elegant, like a sprig of myrtle." "Why, people say she is mad," said Mrs. Dingley. "Never was such calumny," said Lady Bertram, "nothing can be farther from insanity than her manner: she is elegance itself; the polished

manners of high life, divested of freedom, and levity; she never is *reveur* in company, always alive to what is passing; nothing can be farther from insanity than her appearance and manners: poor, unfortunate, Mrs. Stevens, you may say, has something the look of a maniac, but I acquit her of real insanity."

Lady Bertram having now emptied her budget of news took her leave, and Mrs. Dingley pressed her most earnestly to treat her with her company a little longer; which Lady Bertram was much *mortifié* she could not comply with, and left the room. "I am glad you are gone," said Mrs. Dingley, as soon as the door was shut: "what an absurd creature it is, and so inconsistent! she comes into company in her diamonds, and visits in a hackney coach; I have no notion of people visiting who don't keep a carriage; and her sister is such a piece of affectation, she will never

get her married; and that jolter-headed boy, it is as bad as a dose of physic to kiss him." "Now I do think the widow is a nice woman," said Mr. Charles Dingley. "Aye, Charles, you are such an advocate for widows, I suppose I shall have some widow brought for my daughter-in-law:" "If Lady Bertram is willing, she shall have my consent for the match," said Mr. Charles Dingley.

Lady de Courcy now thought it time to withdraw, and leave herself to be pulled to pieces by Mrs. Dingley: so she rung for her carriage, and returned home; rejoicing she had there two friends not disposed to find her a compound of wickedness.

Lord de Courcy was fortunate in having a valuable friend in London, who came from his neighbourhood. Mr. Henry Broome, a barrister, holding a place of six thousand a year, he had it in his power to indulge the benevolence of his heart:

he succeeded a gentleman who supported his aged, widowed, mother; but on his death, he could only recommend her to Providence. When Mr. Henry Broome heard of this circumstance, with a generosity, *perhaps unparalleled*, he allowed her six hundred a year: and his list of distressed pensioners, is probably not exceeded by the most wealthy in the kingdom. His time is much devoted to the searching out distress: not to *proclaim* it to the world, and *ridicule* it, but to *relieve* it. His attention to religious duties, is also undeviating. This was a character exactly in unison with the heart of Sir Robert de Grey; and Mr. Henry Broome was a frequent, and always a welcome, visitor, at the house of Lord de Courcy.

It is to be lamented, that such characters, finding themselves so little in unison with the world, commonly shun much intercourse with it; and their virtues are rarely

known, till after their death. The worthless make most noise in the world: hence, it is supposed, by those who will not take the trouble to search out worth, that there is none to be found. The amiable ought to remember that, for the sake of society, they ought to make themselves a burning and a shining light; and that we have the highest authority for letting our light shine before men. There is to be said for the concealment of good actions, that the malignant when they hear of benevolence, always ascribe some bad motive for it; and was Mr. Henry Broome's generosity to the distressed widow known, the malignants would say, "I suppose she has a pretty daughter, and he intrigues with her: or else, that she serves him in some other way." Those who are incapable of disinterested generosity, never suppose it can enter the heart of any one, to do good for Christ's sake; and the

virtues of all they hear of, are turned into vices.

Lady Glastonbury found it quite a forlorn hope to engage Lady de Courcy in a life of dissipation: "She is a lovely statue, I must allow," said her Ladyship, "but as devoid of life, as the marble Venus de Medicis."

Lady de Courcy had been all her life unaccustomed to female friendships: Sir Robert de Grey much objected to them: he had always been her friend and confidant, and having now her husband, added to her list of friends, she found them quite sufficient for her; and sought out no female friendships. The superior beauty of her person, and high accomplishments, was a reason why few women would wish for her society; those who cannot bear to be eclipsed, shunned her: there are some females, aware of the great advantage to themselves, of having a handsome woman

in their party—they form the centre of attraction; and as all cannot talk to one, the satellites must have some share of attention, and they are always ready to inform men of the superior advantages of a plain wife; that a handsome woman, must, of course, be extravagant and dissipated; and a plain woman is equally, of course, the model of prudence and propriety. "Madam," a gentleman once said, in answer to such a harangue, "if I marry a handsome woman, and she is dissipated and extravagant, I may reform her; or time may correct her; and if I keep her well employed in breeding, it must curtail her dissipation; I then have a wife I can admire, and be proud of: but if I marry an ugly devil, she may be extravagant, she may love dissipation, for I see as many, or more, ugly faces in public, than pretty ones, then I am ruined by a cursed ugly hag I always detested—and what

have I for my money? I could feel pleasure in working like a slave for a handsome wife: if I must be ruined it shall be by a handsome woman, not one of your homely tribe."

The Countess of Raffle now sent out her cards for one of her grand and magnificent entertainments. Lord and Lady de Courcy were invited, and went: art and nature were exhausted to make the rooms brilliant; the lustres were the most superb any shop in London could produce; hothouses were emptied to decorate and perfume the rooms; coloured lamps hung around in brilliant clusters; one room was called a model from the Alhambra at Grenada, another was a Chinese temple, a third a Gothic chapel; the four quarters of the world were drawn together in this spot; and that high and low life might be mingled together, to *keep* up the *costume*, the room the ladies were led into to deposit

their shawls and mantles in was fitted up like a *fisherman's hut.*

Sir Robert de Grey could not forbear a smile at this whimsical display of taste; in a boudoir was a swannery, and placed aloft was an invisible Harper. "I must own," said Sir Robert, "here is a Mahometan paradise, every pains is taken to gratify the senses; but this is not the strait gate for Christians to enter into their paradise."

Waltzing now began; Lady Raffle was very importunate with Lady de Courcy to make one in the set; that she declined. "Oh! it will be such a treat to the company," said Lady Raffle; "your beautiful figure is made for waltzing, and you are such an excellent dancer, you will throw every body into the back-ground; you can have no objection to waltzing with your husband." "Your ladyship is mistaken," said Lord de Courcy, "our embraces are in private; Lady de Courcy would no more

suffer my embraces in public, than she would endure them from others; and her situation would make it extremely imprudent." "Oh! nobody minds that now," said Lady Raffle; "Lady Knightsbridge has killed two children, and nearly herself, with waltzing, and Mrs. Downing has miscarried I don't know how many times with it, but she never can resist a waltz; every body waltzes. Lady de Courcy must not be so unlike other people." "My daughter," said Sir Robert, "has been taught not to follow a multitude to do evil." "But such a lovely woman as Lady de Courcy," said Lady Raffle, "would not be so particular; waltzing for once, she cannot object to, to oblige me." "What Lady de Courcy thinks an impropriety," said Lord de Courcy, "she will not do *even once*." "Why, people will say, she has got a jealous husband, and has no spirit," said Lady Raffle. "Lady de Courcy will never set the world at defiance," said Lord de

Courcy; "but she has an excellent understanding, and feels a proper contempt for their sayings; she would as soon follow the example of the Indians, and worship the devil, as feel any fear of the malignity of the world."

Lady Raffle retired, much disconcerted with this dialogue, and seating herself by Lady Glastonbury, said, "she wished she could make Lady de Courcy more like other people; she would be a prize in the gay world; she could afford to give such entertainments, and *entre nous* if she could be got to the card-table, she would be a good thing there; but neither flattery nor ridicule avails ought with her, she is such an inflexible; and yet she is not an ignoramus; I must say her manners are elegant. But I dare say she has been taught to think too much of 'kingdom come;' she would not do wrong for the universe. It is such an old-fashioned way for a woman of rank to

think of taking care of herself because she is breeding. I dare say that good old-fashioned creature will suckle the young lord; there will be no getting her from home, because the child may want her. Well, I thank heaven, I am not a good woman," ejaculated Lady Raffle.

A group in the Alhambra were praising the beauty of the room, and wondering how all was to be paid for. "These galas are not given for nothing," said Lady Sneerwell. "Oh!" said Mrs. Candour, "every body knows Lady Raffle has her ways and means of paying; I never heard her ladyship was bad tick, to give the devil his due; she can set the Spanish flying very genteelly sometimes; nobody does these things better." "I wonder who is the happy man fixed upon for Lady Julia Dice," said Lady Sneerwell. "She was trying her possible once at the young and rich Duke of Londsborough; but there was not a chance there; if, she had a valuable library, and was well read,

she would stand a better chance with him, than with that load of red on her cheek."

"She is waltzing now," said Mrs. Candour, "with the honourable Mr. Blacklegs; I think that may do; he seems to squeeze her very lovingly." "Aye, the *liberty* of the *press* was not so great when I was young," said Lady Sneerwell. "If young people had done so much in public then, the censorious world would have supposed the last favours granted in private. I can even remember the time when such an uproar was made at a lady riding on a coach-box; pasquinades were written, the chastity of the lady was called in question, and her female friends consulted if she was fit to be visited after such an outrage to decency; to be sure we live in more enlightened times now."

In the Chinese temple was seated, at a whist table, an odd old-fashioned figure who appeared coeval with the days of Confucius,

the Chinese law-giver; his odd appearance and still odder language, excited considerable attention. Having won a trick, his partner desired him to take it up, "Madam, I will take it up incontinently," he replied. His adversary, Col. Stanley, was disposed to ridicule his incontinence, but he prohibited indelicate allusions. Then he was afraid his partner would be incommoded by the fire, and said, "Madam, I am afraid you will burn your dexter side." The lady being no herald, did not know she had a dexter side; and as he took up his tricks incontinently, and she was a Delia Dainty, she feared he was talking obscenely, and looked all confusion; he was then complaining to his adversary, the lady, she had quite cut up his hand by holding the king-of-hearts; it had disconcerted his whole plan of action. "Yes," said she, "I laid so nicely with the king-of-hearts." "Madam," said Mr. Van Brock, "I am

happy you found him so comfortable a bed-fellow." And now the rubber being over, he was very careful none should omit paying card money, and said to the ladies, "Madam, have you put to the stick?" Mr. Van Brock now retired to a fauteuil, and entered into a flirtation with as odd a looking figure as himself. The lady did not appear much more modern than the days of Confucius, nor much more ferminine than the law-giver himself. Mr. Van Brock entered into a detail of his son going to the masquerade in the character of a music-master, and he sang so as to attract the attention of royalty itself. The Prince looked in amazement. "Well he might," said this original, whom we will call Confucia, "your son is an odd figure." "Pardon me, madam," said Mr. Van Brock, "my son makes a great figure in all places, but not an odd figure." Confucia said, "have you had your toes trod upon in this crowd?"

"No, madam," said Mr. Van Brock, "none would take those liberties with me." "I have," said the lady; "twice I have suffered, and thrice I have inflicted." "Pardon me, madam," said Mr. Van Brock, "you were wrong there; your propriety will be called in question." "No, Sir," said she, "that time is over; I have had my trial, that is over; a gentleman once took me in his arms, and carried me over a kennel; I said to him, what is woman in the power of man?" "Pardon me, madam, you were wrong there; you should have expressed obligation."

Lady Glastonbury tried to get Lady de Courcy into a party to Vauxhall, but she declined it. "Oh! it is so delightful!" exclaimed her ladyship, "you must see Vauxhall, I am sure you will be charmed with it." "It is too much like a Mahometan paradise," said Sir Robert; "I have been there, but I do not wish my

daughter to go; she has too much propriety to wish to go into such a medley scene of high and low, good and bad." "I wish Lady de Courcy would be more like other people," said her ladyship. "I wish exactly the reverse," said Sir Robert, "I wish other people would be more like Lady de Courcy."

The weather was fine, and the country coming into high beauty; and it was often thought of, and talked about, how delightful Prudhoe Castle, and Hulne Abbey, must be now; and Lady de Courcy thinking it prudent, on account of her situation, to decline going into public; it was proposed to return into Northumberland, to have the heir born upon the estate he was to inherit, and the mother have the advantage of recovering in country air. Lady de Courcy gladly gave into the plan, for she began to wish for the quiet and ease of the country. She was well pleased to have seen London, and

some of its gaieties, and perfectly ready to give them up: she found nothing beyond her home to interest her heart. "How happy would poor Brown have been with such a wife as thee;" said Sir Robert; "that dissipated fool, his wife, killed her husband and child, by going into the gay world when she was near lying-in. Jemima declines going into public for that reason, and gladly prepares for her journey to the country: if I thought she could ever act like such a woman, I should wish she had been still-born."

The journey, though long, between London and Prudhoe Castle, was happily got over; and Lady de Courcy arrived there in safety. In a month she presented her husband with a fine healthy boy. Sir Robert de Grey seemed now to have every wish of his heart gratified. "I have lived," he said, "to see my children's children; I can say with old Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest

thou thy servant depart in peace.'" "No," said Lord de Courcy, "we cannot spare you yet; do not sing *nunc dimittis*, till Bryan is of age: when he comes of age, give up Hulne Abbey to him: and if your Father in heaven does not claim you then, let your daughter claim you; your age will require constant attention, and Jemima will gladly repay to your old age the care and attention you have bestowed upon her youth." "Be it so," said Sir Robert; "as far as mortals can settle, we will make this arrangement; by that time I may have a young Jemima to attend me—my own Jemima revived in her blooming offspring. I shall not fear to meet with the fate of Lear, when I abdicate my throne. Remember you have another tie now to draw me here; if the long-tailed blacks appear oftener on the road than heretofore, you must say grandpapa is come to look after his successor. I consider Bryan as my boy; you

will be too young to have your nose put out of joint by him. Grandpapa is the proper person for him to shoulder out of the world. I shall go on with my improvements now with additional pleasure, since I have a male heir to fix at Hulne Abbey."

CHAPTER V.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

LADY DE COURCY would perform none of her duties by deputy. The young Lord Bryan was nurtured at her breast: blessed with her husband, her father, and her child, she was the happiest of mortals; she sought not, she wished not for happiness away from them; they were her all in life. Her poor neighbours claimed, and had a share in her attention.

Lord de Courcy did not give up his property to the dominion of his steward, but went round his estate, and saw that all was properly managed; and he allowed servants

and labourers access to him to make their complaints. He was very attentive to county business: instead of being a corrupter of his neighbours, he was an example, and a blessing to them. Hospitality presided at his table, but not ostentation or extravagance. Lady de Courcy pursued the same plan at Prudhoe Castle she had been brought up in at Hulne Abbey: she overlooked the schools, went into the cottages, and sometimes, accompanied by Lord de Courcy, she would go into the farm-houses, and converse for a short time with the tenants, and hear if they had complaints to make.

Time rolled on, and the family increased at Prudhoe Castle; both Lord and Lady de Courcy paid attention to their infant minds; none were sent to school, all were nurtured at home under the parental eye. There was a tutor for the sons, and a governess for the daughters; but still the

father and mother watched over their education.

Lord de Courcy and Sir Robert de Grey were decidedly of opinion, where the parents led virtuous domestic lives, to educate children at home was a far safer plan than to hazard their health and morals in public schools. Sir Robert said, "I know that in most of our public schools vice is punished and discouraged whenever it is found out, but this is far from being sufficient, unless our youth are at the same time taught to form a right judgment of things, and to know properly what is virtue.

"For this purpose, whenever they read the lives and actions of such men as have been famous in their generation, it should not be thought enough to make them barely understand so many Greek and Latin sentences; but they should be asked their opinion of such an action or saying, and obliged to give their reasons why they consider it

to be good or bad; by this means they would insensibly arrive at proper notions of courage, temperance, honour, and justice.

"There must be great care taken how the example of any particular person is recommended to them *in toto*; instead of that, they ought to be taught wherein such a man, though great in some respects, was weak and faulty in others. For want of this caution, a boy is often so dazzled with the lustre of a great character, that he confounds its beauties with its blemishes, and looks even upon the faulty part of it with an eye of admiration.

"I have often wondered how Alexander, who was naturally of a generous and merciful disposition, came to be guilty of so barbarous an action as that of dragging the governor of a town after his chariot. I know this is generally ascribed to his passion for Homer; but I lately met with a passage in Plutarch, which, if I am not

very much mistaken, still gives a clearer light into his motives for the action. Plutarch tells us, that Alexander in his youth had a master named Lysimachus, who, though he was a man destitute of all politeness, ingratiated himself both with Philip and his pupil, and became the second man at court by calling the king Peleus, the prince Achilles, and himself Phœnix. It is no wonder if Alexander having been thus used not only to admire but to personate Achilles, should think it glorious to imitate him in this piece of cruelty and extravagance.

"To carry this thought still farther, I shall suggest it to the consideration of parents and preceptors, whether instead of a theme or copy of verses, which are the usual exercises, as they are called in the school phrase; it would not be more for his improvement that a boy should be employed once or twice a week, in writing his opinions of

such persons and such things, as occur to him in his reading: that he should descant upon the actions of Turnus or Æneas; shew wherein they excelled or were defective; censure or approve any particular action; observe how it might have been carried to a greater degree of perfection; and how it exceeded, or fell short in others. He might at the same time mark what was moral in any speech, and how far it agreed with the character of the person speaking. Such exercises would soon strengthen his judgment in what is blameable, or praise-worthy, and give him an early instruction in morality.

"Next to these examples to be met with in books, is a good plan, mentioned in Horace, of setting before youth the examples of infamous or honourable characters, in their cotemporaries: that poet tells us, it was the method his father made use of to incline him to any particular virtue; or

give him an abhorrence to any particular vice. 'If,' says Horace, 'my father advised me to live within bounds, and be contented with the fortune he should leave me: Do you not see, he would say, the miserable condition of Burrus and the son of Albus? Let the misfortunes of these two wretches teach you to avoid luxury and extravagance. If he would inspire me with an abhorrence of debauchery, do not, he would say, make yourself like Sectanus; when you may be happy in the enjoyment of lawful pleasures. How scandalous, would he say, is the character of Trebonius, who was lately caught in bed with another man's wife! To illustrate the force of this method, the poet adds, that as a headstrong patient, who will not at first follow his physician's prescriptions, grows orderly when he hears that his neighbours are dying around him; so youth is often frightened

'from vice by hearing the evil consequences it brings upon others.'

"Xenophon's schools of equity, in his life of Cyrus the Great, are sufficiently known: he tells us, that the Persian children went to school, and employed their time as diligently in learning the principles of justice and sobriety, as the youth in other countries did to acquire the most difficult arts and sciences: their governors spent most part of the day in hearing their mutual accusations one against the other; whether for violence, cheating, slander, or ingratitude; and taught them how to give judgment against those who were found to be in any way guilty of these crimes. I need not expatiate on the story of the long and short coat, for which Cyrus himself was punished, as it is equally well known as any case in Lyttleton.

"The method which Apuleius tells us the

Indian Gymnosophists took to educate their disciples, is still more curious and remarkable: when their dinner is ready, before it is served up, the masters inquire of every particular scholar how he has employed his time since sun-rising; some of them answer, that having been chosen as arbiters between two persons they have settled their differences, and made them friends;—some, that they have been executing the orders of their parents;—and others, that they have either found out something new by their own application, or acquired it from the instructions of their companions; but if there happens to be any one amongst them who cannot make it appear that he has employed the morning to advantage, he is immediately excluded from the company, and obliged to work while the rest are at dinner.

"It is not impossible, that from these several methods of producing virtue in the

minds of boys, some general method might be invented." What should be endeavoured to be inculcated is, that youth cannot be too soon taught the principles of virtue, as the first impressions made on the mind, are always the strongest.

"The archbishop of Cambray makes Telemachus say, that though he was young in years he was old in the art of knowing how to keep both his own, and his father's secrets. 'When my father,' says the prince, 'went to the siege of Troy he took me on his knees; and, after having embraced and blessed me, as he was surrounded by the nobles of Ithaca,—Oh! my friends, said he, into your hands I commit the education of my son: if ever you loved his father shew it in your care to him: but, above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a secret."—'These words of my father,' says Telemachus, 'were continually repeated to me

by his friends in his absence; who made no scruple of communicating to me their uneasiness to see my mother surrounded by lovers, and the measures they designed to take on that occasion.' He adds, that he was so pleased at being thus treated like a man, and at the confidence reposed in him, that he never once abused it; nor could all the insinuations of his father's rivals, ever get him to betray what was committed to him under the seal of secrecy.

"There is hardly any virtue which a lad might not thus learn, by practice and example.

"I have heard of a schoolmaster who used at certain times to give his scholars sixpence a-piece, that they might tell him the next day, how they had employed it. The third part was always to be laid out in charity, and every boy was blamed, or commended, as he could make it appear he had chosen a fit object."

"Nothing more is wanting to public schools than that the masters of them should use the same care in fashioning the heart of their scholars, as in forming their tongues to the learned languages. Wherever the former is omitted I cannot help agreeing with Mr. Locke, that a man must have a strange value for words, in preferring the language of the Greeks and Romans, to that which made them such brave men; he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son, for a little Greek and Latin *."

"You speak my sentiments," said Lord de Courcy; both myself and Jemima prefer the country for a residence; and therefore we have leisure as well as inclination to overlook and instruct our children in their education: where parents can find pleasure in home, and feel interested for their chil-

* Taken from the Spectator.

dren, they must be more strictly watched, and guarded against vice, than where numbers meet, the offspring of the good and bad; and their numbers preclude particular care and intimate knowledge of their propensities and actions."

"Few," said Sir Robert, "consider a child as an heir of immortality, that they must live to eternity, either in blessedness, or damnation, as they have acted in this life; and that each one is accountable for his own actions. Parents frequently consider their children only as play-things, or as a source of pride to transmit their titles and riches to posterity. The tutors flatter their vices and encourage them in vice, as a means of enriching themselves: elder brothers and sisters will tyrannize over them, and endeavour to keep them in ignorance, to further their views of oppression, and plunder. And none will consider this is a being with an immortal soul, I am aiming

at forcing on perdition, to attain my own selfish ends.

"Childhood is a most precious period of life, too often wasted and misapplied, by those who should have directed the plan of education; and made irksome and grievous to the child, when a regular well-planned system of virtuous conduct and instruction, would have made it the period of innocence and peace."

Lord de Courcy rarely took his family to London: when they did go, it was chiefly on account of masters for the children: Lady de Courcy never felt ambitious to shine in the great world, and she mixed but little with it.

How happily was Sir Robert de Grey conducted down the downhill path of life! Old age insensibly crept upon him, without infirmities: he was cheerful and active, and there was a small portion of the year in which he and his daughter were divided:

visits were frequent between Prudhoe Castle and Hulne Abbey. His enjoyment was full when surrounded by his daughter, her husband, and her children. They seemed exempted from calamities: they lived in excesses of no kind: their health was not destroyed, and their offspring were blessed with good constitutions.

The happy Lord and Lady Cardross came much into this social circle, and were also blessed with a healthy fair-promising offspring: their enjoyments were in the same routine as those at Prudhoe Castle; they overlooked their poor neighbours, and dependants, and made their children the treasure of their life; they formed a large circle when the two families were united: it was an agreement that when Dryburgh Abbey came to Prudhoe Castle, or Prudhoe Castle went to Dryburgh Abbey, all the children were of the party. The young Lord Nawark seemed likely to tread in the

steps of his father, for he early in life shewed a great partiality for Lady Jemima Fitz-Lacy. "We grow young in our offspring," Lord Cardross once said to Lady de Courcy: "Nawark can no more resist the charms of your Jemima, than I could resist yours: he is all my own child, but if I may trust appearances, he may be happy in his love. Lady Jemima Fitz-Lacy seems to favour him." "We shall tread in my father's steps," said Lady de Courcy; "free as I was left, so will my children be left: my father has never repented the liberty he allowed me: Lord de Courcy is the most dutiful and affectionate of sons to him."

Lord and Lady Greenwich came occasionally with their lovely children, into these happy circles: they used to say when the four houses were assembled, for Sir Robert de Grey was rarely away from his daughter, the house they assembled in might be called Millennium Hall, for it more resembled a millennium than an earthly habita-

tion: here was no envying, backbiting, saying things they ought not; but sensible, amiable society, full of good-will to each other, and all around them: there was no heart-burning, least the children should form attachments, and one be richer than the other: each parent thought there was no society so desirable for their children as those of their dearest friends. When Lord and Lady Warminster and Sir Robert de Grey met, they used to say they reaped the reward of a well-spent life in a happy old age; they were free from infirmities, and saw their children amiable and happy; and their children's children likely to follow in their steps. "Virtue is its own reward," we may truly say, they added. How happy is an old age free from pains, and helplessness, and not galled with that worse than a serpent's tooth, an unthankful child; and may we not from hence infer, that the faults of children commonly originate in the pa-

rents; if they are properly trained, and a good example set them, do they err? we may say no!

Is it fair to speak of the latter days of the Tabbies, as their penance was involuntary? it has been seen what pains they took to get married; therefore their celibacy cannot be imputed to them as a fault, but their malignity is voluntary, that may: it is no praise to them if others err: or will they atone for a sin, by finding out, and proclaiming those of others? still less, will they blot out sins by imputing them where they do not exist? A single woman has her duties to perform, and will be required to discharge them as well as the married: Sally Silke continued in an eternal round of engagements, each night at the card-table: but age, which was evidently clawing her in his clutch, was unheeded, unthought-of by her. Sally thought so long as she found out others were wicked, she must be a saint

herself, and thought not of working out her own salvation with fear and trembling; and striving to enter in at the strait gate; or if she did think, she thought she could enter by main force, and bluster, as she had pushed through this world. Sally was one evening seated at the card-table, and, as usual, fell asleep: the party were patient, winked upon one another, and said, it is her way: at last Mr. Black grew impatient, and gave her a kick of the foot, and expected she would rouse and say what a devil of a kick that was;—but, wonderful to relate, Sally took it patiently. "Is Sally grown mild?" they said. "We will pinch her arm." They pinched and tweaked her like a group of fairies, but nought did it avail. Sally spoke not; this was so extraordinary, they began to take means to wake her, but Sally awoke not. A physician was at hand; he said, "Mrs. Silke will wake no more in this world: her soul

is fled to eternity from the card-table; while she was thinking of nothing but settling her neighbours' accounts, she is suddenly called to settle her own: wholly unprepared; she is the foolish virgin, who slumbered and slept, while she ought to have been trimming her lamp; the bridegroom came while she was sleeping, and she is shut out.

The awful warning did not seem deeply felt in the party; the body was removed, and another sat down to finish the rubber. It was very shocking to be sure, every body said, but she was a very busy, meddling woman, and very officious, and dressed such a figure, I declare the first time I saw her, I called out 'a mad woman!' and then her tours were such strange things; she and her maid in a hack-chaise, and she got into such strange adventures; and how extraordinary it was she loved so to talk of the debts and difficulties of others, and was always finding out none were without them;

her father was all his life yearly going downhill in his affairs, and she had for some years one brother in a French prison, having fled into France to avoid one in England, when Jack a-roast-beef was seized upon by the national assembly, and thrown into prison, where he was employed as a tailor; and another was some years in the sanctuary of Holyrood-house: people of good manners and feeling avoided these topics to her; but Sally's tongue was eternally running on the subject: was she a fool, or without feeling? Nobody should speak of a halter whose father was hanged; but she thought, being a baronet's daughter, made her privileged to be impertinent: she was much like Lady Bluemantle, of old: we may say of her, she has for some years outdone the whole sisterhood of gossips in invention, quick utterance, and unprovoked malice; to treat others always with the utmost rigour they deserve, is brutality,

and not justice. I hope groundless stories, and narratives that ought to be suppressed, will now be hushed with having it said, "Oh! that is in Lady Bluemantle's memoirs."

It is a certain sign of a bad heart to be inclined to defamation: else, why should virtue provoke? why beauty displease to such excess, that Sally could not let beauty, or good qualities, escape her fangs?

"I wonder how she has left her money!" Oh! she has not much in her own disposal, what she had from her sister was only for life: she will prop up the old house with what she has; and I am sure I would not thank her for her wardrobe, if she left it to me; an old clothes-man would not give me five pounds for it; I used to think she must buy her gowns in Monmouth-street, for she hardly ever had a decent gown on her back: do you remember the figure she made in her black-scull cap,

and her white gown, like a *robe de chambre*, I thought I should have died with laughing."

This was the end of Mrs. Silke, in a few days her memory was consigned to oblivion; for Miss Green had eloped to Gretna Green, with the rich Mr. Aimwell's heir; so every body was busy settling what clothes the bride would have, what equipages, and where, and what, the house would be. Thus did Sally Silke "fret and strut her hour upon the stage, and then was seen no more."

Molly Frost caught a bad cold, which settled upon her lungs, death led her hence, though slow—by steps so sure—yet, Molly took not the warning; she was still thinking herself the idol of men, and was full of her own perfections, and her neighbours' vices; Mrs. Mary had the characteristic of Lady Blast, who, in what she said, "blighted like an easterly wind, and withered every reputation she breathed upon: she

could marry a woman of quality to her footman, make an innocent young woman big with child, or fill a healthy young man with distempers not to be named—she could turn a visit into an intrigue, and a distant salute into an assignation; she could beggar the wealthy and degrade the noble—tell you the slips of great-grandmothers, and traduce the memory of honest coachmen who have been in their graves these hundred years*: she was too full of the vices of others to think of her own, or thought she atoned for her own backslidings, by revealing those of others. The night before she died, hearing of a young handsome man, just come out in the gay world, she was confident he would fall in love with her, and make her his bride in a fortnight: Molly sunk back in her chair expatiating on her own unrivalled beauty, and perfections."

* Taken from the Spectator.

Did Mrs. Crabtree become the friend and benefactor of youth? No, that galling wound of celibacy continually festered, and all young people were envied, because they had a chance of what she had outlived hers for; she was restless and malignant, always searching for and proclaiming the real and imaginary faults of others; and insisting she was the only perfect character in the world. But, somehow or other, though she constantly averred she was the only woman in the world to make a good wife, no man ever would take her testimonials of herself, and make the trial; that acid face always seemed to give the lie to her own assertions of amiability; and if her relations are so faulty, as she says, how is it likely she should be so amiable, was the query? But Lydia still dirtied her own nest, supposing she was by that magnifying her own virtues. She happened to be in company one day with a very

partial friend of her youngest sister, who was eulogizing her very highly; and painting a lovely portrait, with the glowing and partial hand of friendship: this was beyond endurance—Mrs. Lydia bit her lips abused, tilted up her chair: the friend stood her ground steadily, and insisted hers was the true portrait. Mrs. Lydia grew so enraged, she tilted up her chair, till it gave way, and she sprawled upon the floor, struck her head upon the fender, and the last words she uttered were, "I'm sure I'm more admired."

The ruling passion was strong in death in the end of the Tabbies. Let it be a warning, that to be defamatory Quixottes, is not the purpose for which we are sent into the world; but to purify our own sinful bodies, and "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling." How little does it avail in the grave how many good dinners we have been partakers of, or how

many characters we have blackened. To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick, assist the stranger, and those in prison, should be remembered to be the commands of our Judge, and what he will require at our hands at the day of judgment.

It cannot be expected that Mr. and Mrs. William Perton were such a couple as Lord and Lady de Courcy; or that the old girl, as Mrs. William called her husband's mother, had such an honourable old age as Sir Robert de Grey. Mrs. William and Bill lived much like cat and dog; he was sordid, she fond of spending; he cared only for his farm, and she wanted to be always visiting; till at last Bill insisted she should visit without him: when she was asked after her husband, her answer was, "Bill's at home, feeding his pigs." Old Mrs. Perton and Maria were in perpetual warfare which should be mistress of the house, and as Maria could not always come off victorious, she

was, when conquered, full of spite; she would kick by accident, and spill her dinner over Mrs. Perton's gown, and such modes of the art of ingeniously tormenting: to add to the happiness of the social circle, Mrs. Hobnail's second son was married, and she gave up the farm to him; she and the daughter-in-law lived together, till at last they fought, and the son said he would be plagued with his mother no longer: this Lear in petticoats then came to Knowton, and insisted upon living with the Pertons, as she had been the cause of Molly being a lady. Maria consented to this arrangement, William and Mrs. Perton rebelled, but to no purpose; Maria, with her mother for an auxiliary, was now always victorious; the old girl was set at defiance; Mrs. Hobnail and Mrs. William Perton ruled the roast. Mrs. Hobnail had now an opportunity of playing off the lady, she sat in the parlour all day, and rang the bell a great

deal; her coach she had not to ride in, but Mrs. William Perton's chay she frequently drove out in; the servants complained she was more trouble than the whole house besides.

Master Perton grew up, and the ugly wen still adhered to his face; he was a hopeful genius; in his childhood always in mischief, hunting the pigs, and causing their miscarriage; whipping the young poultry to death; pulling up half-grown vegetables, and gathering half-grown fruit; drowning cats and dogs was his favourite diversion. Mrs. William Perton never suffered him to be contradicted, he should do as he pleased. The first act of his manhood was getting the dairy-maid with child: Mrs. William Perton was very proud of that; she insisted it was a proof of his legitimacy. "He would not be a Perton," she said, and so said the neighbours, "if it had not been so." Young Hopeful seemed to bid fair to be the father

of the parish, and was so expensive in his amours, grand papa Bill was out of all patience with him, and to get him out of the way he shipped him off to the East Indies, where some of the name had signalized themselves in the service of Venus, and this heir of the Knowton honours soon fell a victim to debauchery on Asiatic ground.

Mrs. William Perton was so afflicted at the loss of her son, nothing afforded her any consolation but the gin bottle; and in her fits of inebriety she cast the eyes of love upon the horsekeeper. "The sow returned to her wallowing in the mire," and the frail dresser of horses yielded to her suit. Bill wore his antlers very patiently; he was not of the impatient spirit of Othello, that said, "A horned man's a monster and a beast;" but bore the alienation of his wife with fortitude, a proof, the neighbours said of his legitimacy: it was the common Perton crest.

Mrs. Hobnail tried to get the management of the dairy, but the old girl did stand her ground there, in the kitchen and dairy she still could govern; in the parlour and drawing-room, Maria and Mrs. Hobnail were supreme.

How happily Mrs. Perton passed the winter of her days in this sweet society, may be easily imagined. Mrs. William Perton was quite a fury in her cups, and she was rarely sober: Mrs. Hobnail had nobody here dare oppose her: Bill took refuge with the pigs for peace and quiet, for none could he find in the house. Maria and her mother sometimes quarrelled for something to do, then the thunder rolled incessantly: one day in the midst of one of these storms a beggar came to the door, and Maria flew out in a fury and beat the beggar away: that enterprise gained for this mansion of peace, the appellation of Bang, Beggars Hall.

The day Sir Robert de Grey attained

the age of sixty-five he was at Prudhoe Castle, with the family from Massingham Hall and Dryburgh Abbey; the young ones wished for a gala on grandpapa's birth-day, and they were treated with a ball: this was a high festival for the children, and to heighten the enjoyment the parents must dance with them; grandpapas and grandmammas were not exempted. Sir Robert, as the hero of the day, began with Lady Warminster. The amusement was to see the children selecting their favourites; Lord Nawark took Lady Jemima Fitz-Lacy; Lord Bryan's favourite was Miss Howard, the eldest child of Lord Greenwich, who bid fair to rival her mother in exterior; and Mr. Howard danced with Lady Isabella Poynings, who far outshone her mother as a beauty. It was a most happy day; and it seemed a doubt whether most enjoyed by young or old: the grandfathers appeared as happy as the children; Sir Robert said

it was a proof they were in their second childhood.

Lord Nawark often shewed signs of possessing his father's enthusiasm; he was over-heard saying to Lady Jemima—

"My fancy forms thee of angelic kind—
Your smiling eyes attempering every ray,
Shine sweetly lambent with celestial day;
Guiltless I gaze; Heaven listens while you sing."

Lord Cardross repeated this to Lady de Courcy; "he is my own child," he said; "I have grown young again in my boy: but your Jemima does not listen with the insensibility you did." "Time must shew," Lady de Courcy said.

When the children were tired of dancing they sat down to supper; and music and singing were the amusements for the rest of the evening. How happy felt all the social circle: Lord Cardross sat for a short time absorbed, and then said, "How naturally does this sight lead our contemplation to the advantages which flow from virtu-

ous education; and what we have seen elsewhere, of the miseries which ensue from the neglect of it. The mind without early instruction will, in all probability, become like the vineyard of the sluggard. If left to the propensities of its own depraved will, what can we expect but the most luxurious growth of unruly appetites; which in time will break forth into all manner of scandalous irregularities. What, but that anger, like a prickly thorn, will arm the temper with an untractable moroseness; peevishness, like a stinging nettle, render the conversation irksome and forbidding; avarice, like some choaking weed, will teach the fingers to gripe, and the hands to oppress; revenge, like some poisonous plant replete with baneful juices, rankle in the heart, and meditate mischief to its neighbour; while unbridled lusts, like swarms of noisome insects, taint each rising thought, and render every imagination of the heart only evil

continually. Such are the usual products of savage nature, such the propensities of the uncultivated soul!

"Whereas, let the mind be put under the nurture and admonition of the Lord; let holy discipline clear the soil; let sacred instructions sow it with the best seed; let skill and vigilance dress the rising shoots; direct the young ideas how to spread; the wayward passions how to move. Then what a different state of the inner man will quickly take place! charity will breathe her sweets, and hope expand her blossoms: the personal virtues display their graces, and the social ones their fruits: the sentiments become generous; the carriage endearing; the life honourable and useful. The principles we imbibe, and the habits we contract in our early years, are not matters of small moment, but of the utmost consequence imaginable. They not only give a transient, or superficial tincture to

our first appearance in life; but most commonly stamp the form of our whole future conduct, and even of our eternal state.*"

"Both you and I, Cardross," said Lord de Courcy, "have numberless obligations to Sir Robert: he was the guide and monitor of my youth; I truly reverence him as my father." "To both father and daughter, I have obligations innumerable," said Lord Cardross; "my passion for Jemima, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all others; I might have been a profligate but for her; the misery I have endured, I trust, has been for my good. You are a rare instance, De Courcy, of happiness and virtue: you have not been driven through the refiner's fire." "Having free access to Hulne Abbey was refinement to me," said Lord de Courcy; "I soon learnt to prize that society above all others: the good should never be inaccessible. Sir Robert

* Taken from Hervey's Meditations.

has said to me, All men have their frailties; whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks: we are not always equally content with ourselves, how should we be so with our friend? We love ourselves, nevertheless, with all our faults, and we ought to love our friend in like manner: you have your failings, and I have mine; but our candour in mutually confessing our errors, and our indulgence in excusing each other, ought to remove al fears of any breach in friendship. There is no dross in the mind of Sir Robert; he was not afraid of trusting his daughter in male society; he has no envy of his heirs: I am certain he will give up Hulne Abbey to Bryan when he comes of age, and have no *petitesse* of fancying he shall not have so much respect paid him, and he may come to want money. He will have no apprehensions of meeting with the fate of Lear; but will be pleased to see Bryan treading

in his steps. Sir Robert will never cause any one to wish for his death; he will be unfeignedly lamented go when he may."

"I shall lament his loss as the best of fathers," said Lord Cardross: "never can I cease to feel for him and his daughter love, respect, and almost adoration; they are my better geniuses. De Courcy, you must sanction these feelings; in time I hope to have a right to them. Nawark treads in my steps—Lady Jemima Fitz-Lacy is fascinating to him, as her mother was to me. I fondly hope that love will meet return: with what rapture should I embrace that angelic creature's daughter as mine; she is a lovely blossom, and will be the treasure of Nawark's life." "It is early days to talk of love for them," said Lord de Courcy: "It is not too early for him to feel it," said Lord Cardross; "I found a letter he was writing to Lady Jemima—it recalled my own enthusiastic days to my

mind. I must read to you how fondly Nawark loves Lady Jemima.

" Charmer of my Soul,

" Hourly I pine and languish for the moments that are to bless me again with your presence. This place is a desert, a wilderness without you. The Ettrick, the Tweed, and the Yarrow, cease to have beauties, when you are not here. Can Melrose Abbey charm when you are distant? There could I spend whole days surveying its beauties, wert thou by my side; but far distant from you, it is insupportably melancholy—its gloom strikes a mortal chill to my heart. Nature and art have been bountiful to us; but without you what can charm? Come, my Jemima, bless our scenery with your presence.

'Come see what pleasures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry grounds.
Here I could live, and love, and die with you!'

"All the day I think but of you: when downy sleep shakes her pinions over me, then is my ravished sight gladdened with your view. Your brilliant and heart-killing eyes—your roses and lilies—your ivory neck, and matchless form, all warm with smiles, and glowing with delight.' Heavens! what rapture in those smiles!—I cannot speak for ecstasy; my eyes seem starting from their orbs. I wake, and you vanish from my sight. The sun seems dead to me after your brilliant charms; nature languishes in your absence."

"Does not that recall to your mind the days of my enthusiasm?" said Lord Cardross? "Much as you have seen me suffer, I would not exchange my feelings with a rake. There is a heavenly joy in fondly loving an amiable woman, their excesses can never bestow upon them. What are the joys the wanton can bestow, compared

to a look, a smile from the countenance of innocence? Were I to live anew, I would not exchange characters—all I could wish changed is, that my soul's idol should return my love. But I have much to be thankful to Providence for, earth was not meant for our heaven."

Lord Nawark was sent abroad when he entered the nineteenth year of his age. Lord Cardross had sought with anxious assiduity for an elderly steady clergyman to accompany him in his travels. A young man near his own age, whose sole object would be to ingratiate himself with the young Peer, and for that purpose be his pander in vice, Lord Cardross would not think of. Mr. Benson was a friend and neighbour, and an excellent parish priest; him he intrusted with the care of his future heir. Lord Nawark was allowed to take an affectionate leave of Lady Jemima Fitz-

Lacy; and he vowed unalterable love to her: that no time, no distance, could ever remove her image from his heart—true as the needle to the pole:

"Where 'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd, still will turn to thee."

Lord Nawark was pleased with the idea of his travels, for his lively imagination fondly thirsted for knowledge—yet, to quit such a home as his, and such a neighbourhood, caused many a pang to his feeling heart. But the day arrived for him to quit Dryburgh Abbey. He was first to travel about Great Britain. Lord Cardross would not send him abroad to see foreign countries, ignorant of the beauties of his own. He first traversed Scotland, then England, and crossed over to Calais. After some time spent in Paris, he passed through France, and crossed the Pyrenees into Spain. Madrid, Seville and Granada, they

spent some time at, and embarked at Barcelona for Sicily. There they ascended Mount Etna, and made some stay at Palermo. Lord Nawark then crossed into Greece, and surveyed the classic ground, and pursued his travels through Turkey in Europe, and traversed Russia, spending some time both in Moscow and Petersburgh. He then set off for Poland and rested at Warsaw; and then traversed Germany, devoting some time to a residence in Vienna; for that is like going the tour of the World,—all nations resort to Vienna. From thence they proceeded to Italy, and thoroughly traced all the interesting remains of antiquity, and then set forward for Switzerland. The wonderful productions of nature amazed them some time; and they then entered Holland, and amongst the Dutch bade adieu to foreign parts, and prepared again, with untravelled hearts, to return to England. Three years had now

been consumed, and Lord Nawark was of age. Lord Cardross took his family to London to meet him.

Joyful was the meeting Lord Cardross said, on embracing him: "Gracious Heaven! I thank thee for restoring my son safe to my arms, and such as a father may feel proud of. Mr. Benson has been warm in your praise, and his truth I knew I could rely upon. He would not utter a falsehood to flatter or deceive me. Your appearance confirms all he has said. You are not a profligate—you are not a puppy." The slim youth was now a manly figure, full of information and of pleasing manners. He had thoroughly seen all worth seeing in his travels. He did not go to say he had been in such and such countries, and at his return was more ignorant than the book-travellers. He was no epicure, and his eating and drinking formed no part of his account of his travels. Build-

ings and scenery; he had a flow of eloquence to describe, and the society he kept was amongst persons of rank and good education—the soil had not lain fallow, and been choked with weeds; the care of the cultivator, was conspicuous—good seed was sown, and the tares carefully rooted out.

Lord Cardross felt his satisfaction in his son daily increase. "I shall now go down to my grave in peace, thankful I have such an heir to leave behind me. Nawark, we will return to Dryburgh Abbey, and celebrate your coming of age; that shall be our first rejoicing."

"Tell me," said Lord Nawark, "does my own Jemima think of me still?" "She will rejoice to see you," said Lord Cardross, "furthermore must depend upon your merit. Convince her you are worthy of her: she is then your's." The family stopped at Prudhoe Castle in their return home, and there the joy was renewed. The bloom-

ing girl of fifteen, Lord Navark had left, was now matured into the graceful woman of eighteen. Lady Jemima had been for a year introduced into the world: she was almost as lovely as her mother in her person, and from the same mode of education, was nearly resembling her in character. Opinions were divided in company, whether most to admire the mother or daughter. Lady Jemima was no more spoiled by flattery than her mother. Lady de Courcy did not try to persuade her she was plain, and when she found herself admired, to say it was self-delusion, she was not admired; it was only her own conceit: she told her she was handsome, but not to pride herself on beauty, or make a boast of it: it was no merit of her own; and by pride and affectation, she destroyed it; and not to suppose she was all her life, and wherever she went, to be the greatest beauty: but to learn to retire with a good grace, and give way to

younger beauties; and secure attention to herself, by a well-cultivated mind, and pleasing manners.

When Lord Nawark saw such matured loveliness, he lost all command of himself; he flew and clasped Lady Jemima in his arms. "Beloved of my heart," he said, "never have you been one moment absent from my mind. Wherever I went, I saw but you: all were dross and dowdies to me, compared with you: *La belle Françoise, la belle Espagnole, et tous les belles, de tous les pays*; to all who extolled them to me I said, 'These may do for those who never saw Lady Jemima Fitz-Lacy. One glance of her eye is worth all these.' In all places where I was asked, in what country in Europe were the most beautiful women? I said, 'In England.' 'Where are they best educated?' 'In England.' 'Where most virtuous?' 'In England.' 'Where best wives, best mothers, and daughters?'

I said, "In England.' To be worthy of you, has been the aim of my life; tell me of my faults, I will instantly renounce them."

Lord Cardross appeared now to feel actual happiness and exultation in his son.—"Our merciful Father," he would say, "has many blessings to bestow upon his children. Think of me in the romantic ravine at Rokeby, the picture of woe and despair, and little short of madness: and look on me now: all this I owe to social happiness: some would in my state have committed suicide: others had recourse to drunkenness, supposing it the water of Lethé; others plunged into profligacy. What a debt of gratitude I owe to my heavenly Father for sending the society I there found, and to you for ingrafting me amongst you. Sir Robert almost appeared a saviour to me; never can I forget my obligations to him: from that hour I tasted happiness: it has increased more and more, and now

my cup seems overflowing. I have but one more request to make to Heaven; and then with unbounded thankfulness, I could sing *nunc dimittis*, or with patient resignation, submit myself to any evils or infirmities."

The family at Prudhoe Castle consented to be present at the rejoicings at Dryburgh Abbey, on the coming of age of Lord Nawark. The family at Massingham Hall were claimed as being in duty bound to attend the celebration of Lord Nawark's coming of age; as his christening had been kept with them. They very readily joined the happy families already there. Twenty-four children were assembled with the parents, and two grandfathers, and a grandmother. Three and thirty happier people could not be assembled. When the dinner was over on the day of the jubilee, Sir Robert de Grey said, "I will be chaplain to-day;"—and, standing up, he devoutly and audibly said, "For what we have received, the

Lord make us truly thankful." Lord Warminster, with equal devotion, said "Amen. We may, and we ought," he added, "to survey and to bless our posterity; our hearts cannot be too grateful for our blessings: we stand here like the patriarchs of old, surveying our children's children, and ourselves exempt from pain, and sickness; we are hardly conscious of infirmities; our cups flow over with blessings."

Lord de Courcy said, "It is the reward of the righteous: we all owe unbounded obligations to you for your precepts and examples. Without you, we might have been votaries of vice: surrounded by parasites, panders, and punks: instead of parents, wives, and children: our bodies sinking to decay, a prey to sensuality. Our temples now, I trust, are meet dwellings for the Holy Spirit."

The tenantry had a happy day of rejoicing on the lawn in front of the house; the

situation was so fine and elevated for an illumination, the front of the old abbey was brilliantly illuminated, and shone with resplendent lustre far and wide. Music played for such as were disposed to dance, and the old were amused with the fireworks and bonfire: all was light and gladsome without, and neither drunkenness nor quarrelling was allowed. How happy were all within; twelve couples of young people stood up to dance; Lord Nawark began the ball with Lady Jemima Fitz-Lacy; he was an inimitable dancer, and his partner excelled in that accomplishment, as did her lovely mother before her. Never was a happier company assembled; dancing was kept up with spirit till supper, and after supper singing formed the entertainment for the remainder of the evening. Lord Nawark prevailed upon Lady Jemima to accompany him in the beautiful duet,

"Never till now did I feel love's smart."

The execution was scientific, and the effec deeply interesting. His eyes spoke the language of impassioned love, Lady Jemima looked timidly conscious. How full was the heart of Lord Cardross with rapture; had he been going to marry the mother, he could hardly have felt more ecstatic bliss: he could not forbear a whisper to Lord de Courcy, "There is no denial in those eyes."

The day ended happily with all: the lower ranks were happy and thankful; in the house all had been mirth and glee and thankfulness. Lord Nawark felt a joy he had never dared indulge before; he was resolved the first act of his coming of age should be to request the hand of Lady Jemima Fitz-Lacy.

Early the next morning Lord Nawark sought out his father, and told him his determination. Lord Cardross said, "It is the only boon I have to ask of Heaven, to clasp

Lady Jemima Fitz-Lacy to my heart as my daughter, and then I would willingly yield my life to my Maker: every thing that I can do to forward the match, shall be done; I will give up Dryburgh Abbey to you, we will retire to Kyloe." "Most generous father!" said Lord Nawark, "I ask not, and I am certain such a sacrifice will not be required." "Talk not of sacrifice," said Lord Cardross, "when it is your happiness, with the beloved of your heart, I am seeking; is it not my own happiness? It is the first wish of my heart. Whom could I wish, whom could I prize for a wife for you, but the daughter of my angel? I shall think it is myself married to the idol of my heart."

Lord Nawark saw Lady Jemima in the garden, and went out to join her; he ran to meet her, singing,

"Guess who it was that stole my heart?"
'Twas you alone, if you'll believe me."

"Companion of my childhood," he said, "beloved of my heart from infancy! on you depends the future happiness of my life: bless me as the happiest of mortals with this fair hand, behold me devoted to you forever; my heart, and the heart of my family you command; mould us as you will, all are your slaves; say you will be mine, and bless me with your love." "I would not be yours without it," she sweetly said, "I am taught not to make a traffic of marriage, but to regard it as a sacred rite; might I have higher rank, or greater wealth, I would renounce them for you. I am left by my parents free to live single, if it is my wish, or to take my choice amongst lovers—they will not dictate to me."

"My father," said Lord Nawark, "will almost worship you; it is the first wish of his heart to see us united. He would give up Dryburgh Abbey to us, and retire to Kyloe; you might dictate and command

amongst us—speak but your wishes, they are obeyed." "We should retire to Keyloe," Lady Jemima said; "let us not drive Lord Cardross from his home: I do not estimate happiness by the size of the house I live in; I am taught to despise ostentation, and I do not like the appearance of children driving parents from home, and seeming anxious for their death. Let us be content to be second to them, and await the will of Heaven for becoming first." "Henceforth, then, my love," said Lord Nawark, "I hold you mine for ever; soon let us be united; before our friends part, let them witness the solemnization of our nuptials." "That must be at Prudhoe Castle," Lady Jemima said, "our friends will, probably, not object to coming there."

The company were all assembled at breakfast when Lord Nawark and Lady Jemima entered the room: it did not require the skill of a profound physiognomist to

discover that the satisfaction was mutual. The lovers eat but little: Lord Cardross said to his son, "You are an idle man, give us a song." "I can sing but one now," said Lord Nawark,

'How sweet's the love that meets return.'

"Then," said Sir Robert, "I shall sing,

'Come haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbours,
The lovers no longer their bliss will delay."

Lady Jemima was suffused with blushes. Lord Cardross, in pity to her, suppressed his joy, and the breakfast passed on without farther explanation.

When the parties met to adjust preliminaries, it was not like settling the claims of rival nations, each one endeavouring to raise themselves at the expense of the other; it was a contention of disinterested generosity. Lord Cardross was peremptory in giving up Dryburgh Abbey; that no one

would consent to. Kyloe each one else said should be the residence of Lord and Lady Nawark; and so it was decided. Lord Cardross would then have given up Lady Jemima's fortune, that was overruled; Sir Robert, and Lord de Courcy, were two to one against him. No sacrifice was to be made in the arrangement: there was neither avarice or poverty to make it requisite.

Cupid and Hymen seemed now to have their hands full of business; the twenty-four children now together, had been frequent visitors from infancy at each other's homes; and Lord Nawark was not the only victim to Cupid; Lord Bryan had made Miss Howard his choice, and Mr. Howard, Lady Isabella Poynings.

All these arrangements met with the entire approbation of the parents, and the preliminaries were soon adjusted. Sir Robert de Grey gave up Hulne Abbey to Lord

Bryan, and Prudhoe Castle became his home. Mr. Howard had a house of his grandfather's to carry his bride to. Never did less mercenary parties meet: the happiness of their children seemed the object of their parents, not their aggrandizement. Neither superior wealth nor titles, was coveted by any of them.

How happily did time pass in such society: it was difficult to say amongst them which was the happiest period of life, whether youth, middle age, or old age—all seemed equally happy. "Arcadia's only in the mind," said Sir Robert, looking round on the happy circle. "I feel as happy as my grandson; and, if I live to see my great grandson, I trust to feel as happy in him as his father. Let me recommend to those now setting out in life, always to preserve good manners in their conduct to each other: it is an evenness of soul which excludes at the same time

both insensibility, and too much earnestness: it supposes a quickness in discerning what may suit the different characters of men; it is a sweet condescension by which we adapt ourselves to each man's taste; not to flatter his passions, but to avoid provoking them: In a word, it is a forgetting of ourselves, in order to seek what may be agreeable to others, but in so delicate a manner as to let them scarce perceive that we are so employed: it knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and and a low familiarity. The young are often not aware how important such conduct is toward happiness, and houses are filled with discord for *want of good manners.*"

The marriage of Lord Nawark was to be first celebrated: the fitting up of Kylge was left to the taste of its future inhabitants.

Lord Nawark was busily employed in embellishing the grounds, while Lady Jemima decorated the house: it diffused great joy amongst the tenants to have a lady come to live amongst them again: as they hoped to be as well attended to, as those upon the parent's estates.

The happy day arrived for the union of Lord Nawark and Lady Jemima: the united families, consisting of three and thirty, attended the solemnization. Lord Nawark, the picture of ardent love, led his lovely bride up to the altar: the two future brides officiated as bride-maids. Mr. Benson feelingly and emphatically read the service. When Lord Cardross went to his son, at the conclusion, he said, "Nawark, may you long feel the happiness of mutual and undivided love! May Heaven preserve you from that depravity of heart, which makes pleasures lose their relish, when once they become lawful. May you,

after the transports of a lively and pure passion in your younger years, experience, in a more advanced age, all the charms of that union which diminishes the pains of life, and augments its pleasures by sharing them! May a long and happy old age shew you your distant posterity, multiplying the race of the blessed upon earth! May at last, the same day, close your union here, to exempt you from the sorrow of bewailing those you love. Souls only make acquaintance here below; it is above that their union is consummated: true love is immortal. Be grateful to Heaven for your happy lot, for there, only, can you be happier than with this angel—I need not command you to love and cherish her, for that your own feelings will do; I will answer with my life, she has nought to fear from you." "And you, my angel," Lord Cardross said, on embracing the bride: "How can I shew my gratitude

to Heaven for thus granting my most earnest wish? You quit a happy parental roof, and fondly as you have been cherished there, you shall be doubly dear to us: speak but your wishes, it shall be the pleasure of our hearts to obey you—your endearing relations are now doubled fondly as your parents have loved you their love cannot be superior to mine. W shall, I trust, live in a blessed union her and rejoice in a happy eternity hereafter.

THE END.

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Printed by W. Clowes, Northumberland-Court.

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